

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

January 15, 1949

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EDITORIALS

Sometimes Floor Prices Floor the Consumer

FLOOR prices for farm products sound like a good idea. After all, the farmer is entitled to some security. Nobody wants to go back to the days when the price of wheat was so low that a farmer's net return for a season's crop was less than the freight charges to take it to market.

But these are not such times. Today food prices are the highest in history. The city man, even with a higher cash income, finds the cost of living has wiped out his gain. The farmer, for the moment, is the man on top—his real earnings are higher than they've ever been.

Yet at this moment of unexampled prosperity, taxpayers of the United States and of Canada have to lay out money for crops that are not being used because they can't be sold at current prices. Washington has been buying potatoes, mountains of them, for two years—at a "support price" so high that the American consumer has difficulty paying for all he needs. Now Canada's to do the same thing.

Western farmers, who've been paying off

their debts with bumper wheat crops, this year raised more flax than anybody wants to buy. Who is stuck with the resultant surplus? The taxpayer. He's buying it at the handsome price of \$4 a bushel.

These devices for maintaining farm income might be justifiable if the farmer were in trouble. What shall we say of them now?

Here's the whole world crying for food. Every acre of land ought to be in use for the needed crops—food that can be stored, shipped, eaten by the millions who are starving abroad. So long as governments are willing to buy unsaleable crops at boom prices, land will be misused. And so long as prices are maintained above the levels at which consumers can afford to buy, food needed by the hungry will go to waste.

Essentially, it's the same principle that led to the burning of grain, the slaughter of sucking pigs and the plowing under of crops in the 1930's. This is economic lunacy and we can't afford it.

History vs. Radio

WHEN the United Nations San Francisco Conference opened in April, 1945, it was timed to go on the air at 4.30 p.m. A crowded theatre waited in silent boredom while a juke box played "Lover Come Back to Me." At 4.29.30, U. S. Secretary of State Edward Stettinius and the heads of the other Big Five delegations walked on stage; precisely at the stroke of 4.30, Mr. Stettinius brought his gavel down. The radio show—and incidentally, the conference—had begun.

Last month in Ottawa, four Canadian Cabinet Ministers and six Newfoundland delegates walked into the Senate Chamber for a historic ceremony, the completion of Confederation. It should have been a moment of dignity. In fact, it was pretty close to farce.

For three or four minutes the 10 men sat in uneasy stillness while a bevy of news photog-

raphers shot them from all angles. When that was over, it was still too soon to begin the show didn't go on the air until noon. There was more sitting, more fidgeting and throat-clearing.

Finally the noon gun sounded, microphones came to life—but still the statesmen had to wait three minutes and 10 seconds until the announcer told the radio audience what was going on.

It's nice that thousands can listen in to important occasions like this, but let's keep things in their proper proportions. If the ceremony really is historic, then the broadcast should wait upon it, not it upon the broadcast. Done as they are done nowadays, these gestures are as empty as they look.

Let's have history recorded for posterity by all means, and audible to the nation as well. But let's not have the actions of statesmen directed by radio announcers.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

OUR teeth have been so firmly clenched with envy that we were afraid we'd never be able to tell you about the official opening of the new Maclean-Hunter mechanical plant, nine miles north of the downtown Toronto buildings which house our editorial and business operations. However, our inherent bigness has prevailed and we report as follows:

The new plant is commonly agreed to be the finest and most modern establishment of its kind in Canada, if not in the entire Commonwealth. Its ground floor covers four acres and is large enough to accommodate the entire population of Hamilton, Ont. (For purposes of comparison, you may be interested to know that our office is large enough to accommodate us, a calendar and an author named Fred. When Fred is wearing his overcoat, we have to put the calendar on the floor.)

The new plant's equipment includes or will soon include 27 typesetting machines and 40 presses, the last ranging in size to 240 tons, in capacity to 400,000 pages an hour, in length to 90 feet and in cost to half a million dollars. The building has air conditioning, fluorescent lighting, thermostatic heating, anti-infra-red windows, and gleaming expanses, both vertical and horizontal, of terrazzo and mastic tile. It has a kitchen, a dining room, 12 bathrooms, a lounge, a shower room, a hospital

and a laundry, and, by cripes, the last time we were up there they had roses standing all around the joint in baskets.

On the day of the formal opening the plant was officially inspected by the Governor-General and Lady Alexander. Their Excellencies spent two hours trudging among the machines and talking to the men who run them and, just before they left, Lord Alexander, at his own suggestion, held an investiture in the plant for Bill Beckley of the mailing room staff whose British Empire Medal had arrived by mail only the day before.

Altogether, the opening of the new plant was a pleasant and impressive occasion. And now that the first savage pangs of jealousy have subsided, it is the hope of us big white-collar executives who are quartered downtown that our brother workmen who toil in the new plant will pay us a return visit before too long. We don't like to brag, but we've got a few things that might open their eyes. Just last week we acquired the most up-to-date expensive two-color typewriter ribbon that money can buy. And since the power shortage let up, we have replaced our Coleman lamp with the very latest in 60-watt, alternating-current, tungsten-inlaid electric bulb.

The Editors



Lord Alexander (he's a printer too) inspects original Maclean's cover by Franklin Arbuckle.

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THE QUARREL

Winner of the \$1,000 first prize in Maclean's Story Contest

By ERNEST BUCKLER

It was to be the most wonderful day in my whole life, yet no one spoke at all.

DO YOU know what quarreling is like between a man and a woman to whom the language of quarreling is an alien tongue?

When you go outside from the kitchen afterward, if you are the man, the leaves wave absently in the movement of the August air that is more heat than breeze; and everything you work with, the fork or the scythe or the handle of the plow, sags, heavy to the touch. Your thoughts stumble inside your head, and time comes inside and hurts there. You think it must be noon a dozen times, but scarcely an hour has passed.

If you are the woman, you reach into the corners of the zinc beneath the stove legs as carefully as ever with the broom, and stoop as carefully as ever to pick up the twist of white thread embedded in the raised roses of the hooked rug, but the rug doesn't seem like anything your own hands ever made. You were going to have a change for dinner, but it's too late now; there is a cast of irrevocable listlessness about everything. You catch a glimpse of your face in the mirror over the sink, and it seems as if the mirror must be lying, to show it enclosed and with shape. You press the tip of the flatiron into the fancy points of rickrack braid on the apron,

but you don't feel the inner smile that was always there at a thing that was extra trouble to be made pretty.

The kitchen and the fields go dead, with a kind of singing remoteness. And when the hum of the anger has died completely away, there is nothing left—nothing but that curious drawing between you, as if you were tied together with an invisible cord on which all the minutes were strung to intolerable heaviness, but never to actual breaking.

I DIDN'T know that all this was happening between mother and father that Saturday morning, of course, because I was only ten. But I knew the day was spoiled. And the next day, I knew what Sunday would be like.

It wouldn't be the perfect August Sunday, the first Sunday after the hay was cut, with the nice hiatus about it as if even the fields knew it was a day of rest, and the tail ends of all the jobs that

weren't quite finished lacking the insistence they seemed to have on a weekday. My father would not drowse on the kitchen lounge in the long restoring forenoon, while mother wandered with that special Sunday leisure through her flower garden, pulling a weed here and there, stooping to hold a bright poppy in her hand like a jewel, bringing a dipper of water from the well and holding apart the spicy leaves of the geranium so the roots got all of it, and tiptoeing in past him with a bouquet of the splashy nasturtiums for each of the lamp rests on the organ.

And after dinner, father would not change into the striped drill pants with the size tag still on the waistband and his fine shirt and his fine shoes. Mother would not go upstairs and come down adjusting the wonderfully intricate coral brooch at the neck of her dress. And I wouldn't wait with the thrill of a minor conspiracy, though it was a simple thing, to walk together with them to the garden.

A quarrel shattered the wonder of their perfect day — until they found a finer, brighter magic that made living a joy

The hay was cut, but we wouldn't walk to the garden with that funny feel of freedom, because, though we could still see the darker-green line of the crooked path we had used through the stringy grass, now our feet could go anywhere they liked. Nor through the garden, where it lay exposed at last to the full kiss of the sun; looking for any cast of ripening in the tomatoes, parting the secrecy of the cucumber vines to see if any fruit lay on the ground beneath, gauging the number of days before the corn would be really yellow, or calling a greeting, smiling though our faces couldn't be clearly seen that far, to a neighbor strolling through his garden the same way.

Father would not change his clothes at all tomorrow. As soon as he had milked and fed the pigs, he would fill his tobacco pouch and get a handful of matches from the canister behind the pantry door and go outside, without asking mother what time she planned to have dinner. She might be doing the chamber work or putting clean newspapers under the rows of preserves down cellar, but she seemed to feel the instant he left the house and I would see her come to the dining room window and watch, in that curious secret way, to see whether he went to the wood lot or the back meadows.

The whole kitchen would seem to catch its breath when his step sounded on the porch again, exactly at noon. As we ate silently, mother would seem to know, without watching, the minute he was ready for his tea; but she'd set it down where he could reach it, she wouldn't pass it to him. And if they both put a hand out for the sugar bowl at the same time, something so tight and awful would strain across the table that I'd feel like screeching.

Right after dinner, father would leave again. Mother would dress up a little—I don't think, if she were dying, she could have sat through Sunday afternoon in a housedress—but she wouldn't go outside. She'd be quiet with the catalogue for a bit, but just when I'd think her mind was taken up, she'd drop the catalogue and begin that awful wandering from room to room. As if each familiar thing promised her absorption and then failed her.

When I'd hear her swiveling up the organ stool, her intake of breath, caught before it became a real sigh, and then the first pitifully inaccurate chords of "Abide With Me," I'd rush outside, myself.

And no matter how late I played, or with whom, or at what fascinating game, or no matter how angry I got with myself that I couldn't be insensitive to my parents' quarrels as other kids were, I'd get that awful feeling in the pit of my stomach when I came near the house again that evening. Then we would sit silently, but each moving when another moved, with the Sunday hiatus stifling as a thunder pocket now.

I'd go to bed early, to escape it. But it was no use. I'd listen for the movement of mother taking the clock from the mantelpiece, and start when I heard it. I could see father then, sitting there in the loud-silent kitchen with even the tick of the clock gone, staring at the floor a minute after he had taken off his boots, before he followed her. I would hear the softer than usual pad of his woolen socks on the stairs and then there would be nothing. The very boards of the old house would seem to sing with that listening stillness.

THAT'S exactly how it turned out to be. I have no trouble to remember the particular torture of that day.

You see, that was the August Sunday which was to have been twice as wonderful as ever before because it had in it the looking ahead to a tomorrow more wonderful than any day

I had ever known. Monday was the day that we, and we alone from all the village, were going to the Exhibition in Annapolis.

I had never been to the Exhibition before. There was to be a traveling show. (I had studied the poster so long I knew the face of Madame Zelda as well as my own, she who would tell my fortune though she didn't even know I existed.) There was to be a merry-go-round. ("Mother, do they really go as fast as an automobile?") There was to be the excitement of so many strange faces. There was to be ice cream. And those were the days when ice cream was something that made a high priest of the man who scooped it with such incredible nonchalance out of the deep freezer, and it didn't seem as if the ten cents you laid on the counter could possibly pay for it.

I should have had warning of the quarrel. The moments before it had been so perfect.

We had been wrapping the tablecloth of tiny, tiny, intricately mortised blocks, that mother was to enter in the fancywork class. She kept folding it, this way and that, trying to find a way it would not muss; even father hung about the table, wanting to be in on the thing; and I stood there, tingling with willingness to hold my finger on exactly the right place while mother tied the second knots.

She had made a great show of pretending that she'd never have dreamed of sending it in if the others hadn't kept at her, and we never mentioned the possibility of its winning a prize. But in our hearts, none of us had any doubt whatever that it would be the most beautiful thing there and would get first place.

When I took it out to the mailbox, the laborious lettering on the wrapper completed at last, there was that wonderfully light feeling in all of us. The moment was so perfect that even the conscious-

ness of its perfection sprang into my mind.

Always before, when this had happened, I had thought of something sad at once, as a sort of protection. If only, I castigated myself afterward, I had not neglected to do that this time.

It doesn't matter how this quarrel started. The thing is, their quarrels always ended the same way. Actually, what happened, my father began poking about in the bottom of the dish closet where mother kept the wrapping paper.

"Did you see that sheet of paper with the lumber tally on it?" he said.

"What did it look like?" mother said.

"It was just a sheet of paper with some figures on it," he said.

"Where did you put it?" she said.

"I put it in here," he said. "It ain't here now."

"Let me look," she said. She went through exactly the same papers he had, but she didn't find it.

"It ain't there," father said, with the first hint of annoyance. "I ought to know it when I see it."

Mother looked through all the papers again.

"You didn't burn it with them scraps from the package, did you?" father said.

"No," mother said, "of course not. I never burn anything that's any good." But she went and looked in the stove just the same. There was nothing but ashes there now.

"Well, what did you stick it in there for?" she said suddenly.

"I'd like to know where I'd put anything that—" father said. "You're always burnin' somethin'!"

"Oohhhhh—" mother said. She sighed. "I wish I'd never bothered with that tablecloth."

"Oohhhhh—" father said. He started to pace about the kitchen, the way he always did when he was angry. The cat brushed against his legs and he stepped on her tail. Her screech startled him so he gave her a kick with his foot.

"Get out from under my feet," he said. Mother put the cat outdoors, without saying a word, as if he were a man who was cruel to animals and she couldn't bear to watch it.

"Now I'll have to count that lumber all over again," father said.

"Oh," mother said, "you'd think that was going to kill you—"

I ran out of the house then, because I knew what the rest of it would be like. Now they were both angry beyond embarrassment or caution at their quarreling; whenever they could think of nothing else to say, they'd say something false and cruel. "Oh, no, no one ever gets tired but you—" "Well, what do you think it's like for me?" "I got feelings, too—"

I ran around in circles outdoors, the whole day burst and tumbling about me. They had broken it, like glass, and no matter how perfectly you fitted the pieces together again, you'd know that the mending was there. I was such a foolish child that when a thing which was to have been perfect was spoiled the least bit, it was spoiled entirely. If I as much as scratched the paint on my new wagon I wanted to take the axe and smash the whole thing to bits.

I hated them both then, equally. I'd never speak to them again as long as I lived—I'd run away to town—I'd die . . .

WE WERE all up Monday morning before dawn. But it wasn't like other mornings when we'd eaten in the magic minutes of lamplight, preparing to go somewhere special. That awful speechless synchronization of movement between mother and father still went on. She was taking the strainer off the clothesline exactly when he set the milk pails beside the scalded. *Continued on page 24*

ILLUSTRATED BY AILEEN RICHARDSON



The second prize-winning story, "Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair," by John Jeffrey Symons, will appear in the next issue of Maclean's, February 1

Will the Atlantic Pact Work?

By MATTHEW HALTON

CBC European Correspondent

Arms across the ocean, plus its own swelling sinews, offer Europe a practical hope of peace and recovery

PARIS (By Cable) Last June, Louis St. Laurent, then Canadian Minister of External Affairs, advocated in general terms the creation of an Atlantic Union in which the United States and Canada would join with the nations of Western Europe in the confederation of defense.

Such is the pace of history in our time and the urgency of its world crisis that this revolutionary idea—a departure in Canadian foreign policy as striking in its way as the almost complete abandonment of isolationism in the United States—has already been accepted. It has been accepted not only in principle. The pact is on drawing boards of the architects of western policy. Concrete proposals put forward by five powers of Western Union are being considered in Washington. No later than March, the pact will be ready for ratification by the American Congress. The signatories will declare that when one of them is attacked all are attacked. Late, but not too late, the free world is putting itself into a posture of defense.

Europe is not yet safe—or wouldn't be safe if Russia were contemplating aggression. Democracy hasn't got a dozen fully trained, fully equipped divisions this side of its frontier on the Elbe. But there's no probable danger now because of two factors: first, the presence in great Britain of those American Superfortresses—in short, the atomic bomb; and the far more important fact that the United States won't launch a preventive war and Russia isn't ready to launch any other kind. Barring war by accident then—by which I mean some terrible misjudgment of strength or intention by one side or other, and this can't be completely ruled out—there's time to build the Atlantic confederation into something more than a splendid dream. There's time to build it into a coherent and confident fighting machine that could defend itself and counterattack. The time needed is three or four years.

It's plainly a spectacular distance that the democratic world has come since it reluctantly realized a year or so ago that there was no peace on earth, that its nations must live in a state of continuous crisis and that it had no hope of bargaining with Russia or of stopping the Communist



U. S. Superforts in Britain: because of them, says Halton, "there's no probable danger now."

technique of aggression in country after country unless it was economically rejuvenated and militarily strong. The accelerating tempo of history has been marked in only a year and a half by five vast developments:

1. The Marshall Plan, that conception of enlightened and long-sighted self-interest by which the United States undertook to feed and equip Western Europe if the 16 nations participating in the plan would pull up their socks and integrate their economies so that eventually they could walk without crutches.

2. Acceptance of the plan and the formation by 16 nations of the European Organization for Economic Co-operation, a permanent body of experts doing the integrating and becoming the nucleus for an economic United States of Europe.

3. The creation of Western Union, a close military and economic pact among Britain, France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg and the formation of a Western Union general staff under Field Marshall Montgomery to co-ordinate and prepare a plan of defense.

4. The broad acceptance of this idea of a real

United States of Europe—an idea growing with such enthusiasm that what was regarded only a year ago as a mirage and a delusion is now being formally considered by representatives of governments in formal conference.

5. And finally, the Atlantic confederation to give Europe confidence and military strength.

West's Armies Weak

PERHAPS historians will see all these gropings toward federation as plants turning in the dark toward the faint gleam of light which is the world government of the future. And, studying it all, who shall say that democracy has lost its dynamic and its will to live? It may be as General de Lattre de Tassigny, Montgomery's chief-of-staff, says, "Give us 10 years of peace and the whole world will want to join the Atlantic Pact."

But no matter how soon the Atlantic Pact is ratified by Congress, and no matter how soon the Western Union's general staff gets organized, it will be three or four years before the armies of democracy can be built. *Continued on page 40*

The Amazing Career of George McCullagh

At 43, McCullagh has already bought three papers, helped make two premiers and won a King's Plate. Finding a millionaire partner helped, but it wasn't the whole story

By PIERRE BERTON



In his Globe, McCullagh has a marble bathroom...



...In his Telegram, tea from a silver cup. Below, Toronto University gives its youngest governor a degree.



THE HANDS on the ancient clock above the grubby brick façade of the Toronto Evening Telegram building stood at 5.10 p.m.—well past the hour when Tely reporters like to brew their afternoon tea. Upstairs, 450 employees of "The Old Lady of Melinda Street" waited and fidgeted. A moment later their new boss, who had strode over from his antiseptic steel and concrete Globe and Mail building, walked in and began to speak. When he had finished, his listeners felt less nervous: in the first place, George McCullagh's blunt, friendly talk had reassured them. In the second place, the creaking, overtaxed editorial floor had not collapsed after all.

Were there any questions?

Up spoke associate editor C. H. J. Skipper Snider (whose predilection for ships and Ukrainians has sometimes made his paper look like a cross between *Ukrainskyi Holos* and an old issue of *Yachting*). "As the oldest sailor on the ship," said Mr. Snider, "I'd like to ask a question: Would you do me the honor of having a cup of tea with me?"

The new boss grinned. "Since I can't take liquor any longer, I just love tea," he said. Maude Stickles, oldest Telegram switchboard operator, scurried with the tea things. For the lesser guests there was Royal Crown Derby. But for Clement George McCullagh, the newsboy who made good, the staff had rustled up a sterling silver cup and saucer.

The circumstances which led to this curiously significant scene have made George McCullagh one of the most powerful figures in Canadian public life. He has, as his own paper once reported, "literally hauled himself up from his bootstraps." The 43 years of his life are crammed with a series of dramatic paradoxes.

McCullagh, the penniless newsboy, lived to purchase the paper he sold on the streets of London, Ont., and two other Toronto papers as well. McCullagh, who once harnessed the dray horses of a butcher's wagon, saw his own horse win the

King's Plate—with the King himself present to bestow his guineas. McCullagh, the kid with only six months high school, became the youngest governor of Canada's largest university at 31. McCullagh, who couldn't get a job as a sports reporter, ended up owning a good chunk of the Maple Leaf hockey team. McCullagh, who once trotted up Bay Street with financial-page copy, pulled one of the greatest financial deals in recent Canadian history by persuading multimillionaire William H. Wright to lay out close to five million dollars to buy him two papers and the finest news building in the country. McCullagh, who once counted dollar bills as a bank clerk, last November counted out \$3,610,000 which he raised without Wright's help to buy the Toronto Telegram.

Today this highly complex, many-sided man has more daily newspaper circulation under his wing than any publisher or group in Canada. (His combined Globe and Mail and Tely circulation of 414,000 is 50,000 ahead of the once dominant five-paper Southam chain.) And with Toronto's two Tory papers under his control his power in the Progressive Conservative party is tremendous.

Yet nervous party members can't be too certain that the unpredictable McCullagh, a former Hephurn Liberal who became a staunch Drew Conservative, might not switch again. Some saw more than irony in the banner line hailing the purchase in the Tely, which has seldom if ever deviated from its ultra-Tory, ultra-Orange line. It read:

TELY REMAINS INDEPENDENT.

His Target—the Star

MCCULLAGH always has been unpredictable. Early in the year it was well-known he was bidding for the Telegram. Then word went around that he'd bowed out. He had almost got the paper for \$3,025,000 when negotiations blew up. (Principals acting for Bill Aiken, Lord Beaverbrook's nephew, had protested. Toronto's Sick Children's Hospital—sole legatee of the Tely estate under the will of the paper's founder, John Ross Robertson—insisted the bidding be public.)

McCullagh let it be known that he was no longer interested. On the night before the bids were opened, he bet his mechanical superintendent, Jim Harrison, \$10 that he wouldn't bid. Next morning the news was out: McCullagh had upped the ante another half a million to nose out both Aiken and a securities firm believed to be acting for Conservative stalwart F. K. Morrow. Harrison got \$10 and the job of streamlining the Tely's mechanical plant.

Why had McCullagh bought the ailing Tely? Probably not for immediate profit. His own explanation was this: "I'm going to knock that pedagogic rag right off its pedestal." He meant the jazy, trumpeting Toronto Star (circulation 365,000—Canada's largest) to whose politics (left-wing liberal to CCF), principles and very existence he is bitterly opposed.

McCullagh loathes the Star as the Martins loathed the Coys. When the Star fought and lost a libel suit against the Globe and Mail McCullagh crowed that he'd been "allowed to call the Star a liar at the Star's expense."

"Other than making the Tely a good evening paper, knocking that rag out is my only passion," he told interviewers last month. A week after he

took over, the Tely began to beat the drums for a new feature—a serialization of Charles Dickens' "The Life of Our Lord." Few readers remembered that the circulation-wise Star had serialized it 14 years before.

McCullagh plans to pour another million and a half into the Tely, but the paper will have to go some to beat the smart, solid, readable Globe and Mail whose newspapers are reckoned the best in Canada. Ironically, 12 of the Globe's keymen are ex-Star staffers who preferred working for McCullagh. Each year they send their old boss, Harry Hindmarsh, a Merry Christmas telegram, collect.

While admitting that a truly free press, like a truly free democracy, is an unattainable absolute, Globe and Mail reporters insist they now have more freedom under McCullagh than they would on almost any other Canadian newspaper. They also admit that, in his younger days, the publisher had his own list of taboos and sacred cows.

Once a memo came round that every time Bishop R. J. Resimon, McCullagh's Anglican pastor, appeared in range of a camera, he was to be photographed. The paper blossomed with pictures of the Bishop, who still writes a weekly religious editorial for the paper. When he ordered a news story attacking the government, former reporter Harold Dingman protested that you couldn't handle the government that way. "Dingman," retorted McCullagh, "I make and unmake governments."

Today the sacred cows have gone. George Drew gets plenty of space in the McCullagh press, but the editors lean over backward to give equal space to his attackers. If McCullagh is publicly attacked, the story is printed. If he's praised, it isn't used. Senator Arthur Roebuck's name, once banned from the paper, now appears, though McCullagh, reading the account of a speech by his old enemy, will sometimes shake his head and say: "Thank God I've got nothing to do with news policy."

He has always resisted advertising pressure. An advertiser once complained about a feature story the Globe and Mail had written about a rival firm. "I'm under no obligation to you," McCullagh snapped, and told him where he could put his ads. One day he caught an advertiser berating one of his editors, and ordered him out of the office. "You can't do that," said the businessman, "I'm an important advertiser." The publisher seized him by coat and trousers and ousted him bodily.

At 43, George McCullagh has lost the plump, boyish look of a decade. *Continued on page 42*



To McCullagh (right) fellow-publisher Beaverbrook is "Max." Below, cartoon comment on the Tely deal.



Bill Wright found gold; McCullagh found Wright.



LONDON LETTER



In Croydon, Churchill beat an aristocrat.

Private Memo To George Drew

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

SAMUEL BUTLER claimed that there were few things more pleasant than to be just ill enough to stay in bed for a couple of days. He commented on the pleasing activity of others in the house, the rhythm and routine of household tasks, the intervention of the front doorbell, the treadmill of steps upon the stairways, the dwindling day and the coming of dusk . . . and all going on while one stays in bed, reading or writing or dozing in complete detachment from the day's activities.

Therefore, let me confess that I am writing this letter in bed on a sunny winter morning having canceled all my engagements for a week ahead.

The illness that has brought me low did not steal upon me unawares. Last Sunday I was staying at the country house of an effete Englishman who actually has central heating in his home. Usually when you visit an English country house you get a tiny grate fire in a wind-swept lounge, and an even smaller grate fire in the drawing-room where, if you play bridge, the difference in temperature according to where you sit may be as much as 30 degrees. Thus your partner, with her back to the fire, may bid with tropical abandon while you have the outlook of an Eskimo on an iceberg.

However, the human system, and even Englishmen are human, creates its own resistance movement and, on the whole, we live healthily and uncomfortably through the winter. But, unfortunately, the said human system is caught unawares when an Englishman puts in central heating.

Thus for an entire week end our pores were opened by this unaccustomed heat while we moved and ate and bridged in an atmosphere not unlike that of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

On Monday we set off for London in a cold spell which must have meant an 80-degree drop from the inferno of the house in which we had been staying. We closed the windows of the car but the drafts stole in and curled around our ankles and crept . . . *Continued on page 35*

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Flax and Potatoes: the Farmer's Orphans

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

EVEN in these booming times of high food costs, Canada is beginning to feel the kickback of floor prices for farm products. Because export markets were suddenly shut off in 1948, Ottawa has had to buy some 12 million bushels of flax, by spring may have to buy up to five million bushels of potatoes, and doesn't know what to do with either.

For flax, the American Government set a floor price of \$6 a bushel. Canada set a floor price of \$4. Both countries produced a lot more flax in 1948 than either wanted.

Theoretically, Canadian flax could undersell American in the overseas markets. But because the United States is having to buy the stuff from its own farmers, Washington has declared flax a surplus product. This automatically forbids the use of Marshall Plan funds to pay for flax shipments from any country but the U. S. Canada's customers can't pay for it any other way, even if they wanted it. And so Ottawa has paid out \$48 millions—probably more by now—for huge granaries of flax that nobody wants.

In potatoes, the story is even sillier. The American floor-price regulations oblige Washington to buy potatoes whenever the price falls to 90% of "parity"—parity being a mythical figure based on the cost of other commodities and calculated by a complex formula. Potatoes in some parts of the United States actually cost more, pound for pound, than oranges—they're practically a luxury item. Yet the American Government owns great mountains of them which it must not sell to its own citizens. In 1947 it poured kerosene on hundreds of tons of them, to render them unfit for consumption. Last year it did try to avoid such a criminal

waste of food, and turned the surplus into potato flour for Europe—but it was a costly, uneconomic job.

Until November, Canadian farmers were able to cash in on this freak of American policy. Canada's potatoes could hurdle the low tariff barrier and undersell American potatoes, still bringing more to the Canadian grower than he'd been getting at home. And, of course, these Canadian imports created an even larger surplus for Washington to buy.

Two months ago, Washington decided it had had enough. Ottawa was told to prevent those potato exports or face an embargo which would destroy even our genuine, permanent market for seed potatoes in the United States. So Ottawa put potatoes under export control.

That threatened to create a market-breaking surplus in Canada. Potato growers asked for a floor price of \$1.95 a hundredweight, which is about what they had been getting. Ottawa haggled them down to \$1.15. It was high enough, at least, to keep the price of potatoes from going down to a natural level, and maybe offsetting the cost of other foods.

Ottawa claims the \$1.15 is equal to the amount the farmer is actually receiving for his potatoes now—the other 80 cents, they say, represents the cost of bagging, loading, grading, etc. They don't see any point in bagging potatoes which will eventually be fed to the grower's pigs.

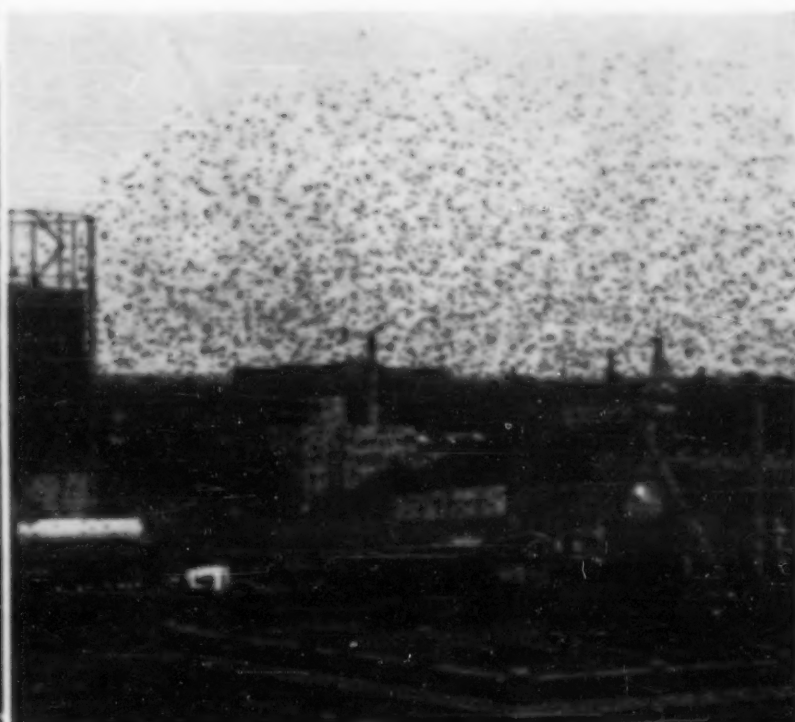
The four exporting counties of New Brunswick and P. E. I., which are the only areas affected by the new order, have a crop this year of about 30 million bushels. Allowing for shrinkage, spoilage, reservation for seed, . . . *Continued on page 39*



Taxpayers' dollars will cushion his fall.



Starlings detest this two-faced owl, being set to "guard" a water tower.



Starlings can darken a city sky; their chatter can ruin a city's sleep.

CANADIANS have tried everything from moth balls to cannon in their war against the starling. Despite their efforts, this doughty European immigrant has swept across the continent as far as the Rockies, a tidal wave of black feathers, to become North America's most numerous (latest estimate: 85 million) and, currently, most controversial bird.

It is chiefly the starling's atrocious bedtime manners that have given him a popularity rating on a par with that of a worm in an apple, and which have made him a target for a greater diversification of weapons than any other creature. The men who imported the starlings into America (120 were released in Central Park, New York, in 1890) felt we needed a bird that would add interest to towns and cities. They were annoyed at the manner in which most North American native birds stayed back in the woods. The starling, however, became a commuter in reverse, getting his livelihood from farmlands during the day, then flocking to city shade trees and ledges of buildings by the hundred thousand for the night.

Starlings chatter so blatantly in their sleep that whole neighborhoods are kept awake and, if there are a few heavy sleepers who do drop off, even they are roused at dawn when the noisy aliens begin their daybreak serenade.

Just the same, according to a lot of experts, this kill-off-the-starling war we've been waging so long and so futilely has all been a big mistake. From no less an authority than the U. S. Department of Agriculture, backed up by Canadian Government wild-life scientists, comes word that the long-maligned starling is no feathered rascal after all. He's an angel in black, so they say, who rates a spot near the top of our list of beneficial birds. The starling, they declare, gorges himself with more crop-destroying insect pests than most birds twice his size.

But saint or satan, he has made more enemies than anything that bears feathers, including women's hats, and the campaign against him will go on as relentlessly—and as futilely—as ever.

The scientists who have been won over to his side because of that insatiable appetite for insect pests are not such keen starling lovers that they would have us stuff cotton batting in our ears and bid the black chatterboxes a friendly welcome to city streets. The verdict of the bird experts is:

"In towns or cities, mow 'em down. In the country, leave 'em be, because they are capable of a lot of good there."

Everything except the atom has been tried

against the breed. Toronto authorities attack their roosts with bombs, shotguns, magnesium flares, water hoses and a variety of fireworks. They've been doing it for years and have now decided that starlings, like hay fever, submit to no cure. They tried shotguns and tree-thinning first, with little effect. They called out the fire department and doused the starlings with water hoses, but the birds just thought it was a thundershower. They bought hundreds of dollars worth of Roman candles and shot brilliant balls of fire into the roosting flocks. Toronto juveniles gathered to enjoy the show; the starlings stayed around for the same reason. Residents turned out to rattle cans and pound pans but the starlings thought it was a game and joined in the chorus. A munition company developed bombs that could be placed in the trees during the day and detonated at dusk by batteries on the ground. The bombs splintered trees, terrified residents—and scared the starlings to the next block. In north Toronto in 1947 they frightened the starlings away with firecrackers and kept the firecrackers popping into the night to prevent the birds from returning. This effort was abandoned, however, when residents complained they would sooner listen to the starlings than the crackers.

Milwaukee last year placed a number of electric horns in its starling trees with wires running to switches on house porches below. The starlings just moved down the street to where there were no horns. Authorities abandoned the effort when

Despite fire hoses, fireworks, stuffed owls, moth balls and radio jive, the controversial starling has changed an immigration to an invasion

The Starling — Saint or Sinner?

By C. FRED BODSWORTH

they decided they couldn't afford to put a horn in every tree. A St. Thomas, Ont., man fastened a radio loudspeaker in his cherry tree, but the birds soon learned to pluck their cherries to swing and jive.

They're Afraid of Owls

ST. THOMAS had better luck when it called in a couple of local aviators and had them buzz the starling roosts at low altitude. The stunt worked fine until aviation authorities warned that the pilots' licenses would be canceled if they didn't adhere to altitude regulations.

Springfield, Ill., tried hanging sacks of moth balls in the trees and painting limbs and ledges with glue. The moth balls didn't work, the glue dried out so quickly that it proved too expensive. At last report they were trying to develop a cheaper glue out of molasses and were sending colored balloons up through the roosts.

The most effective method yet devised for frightening off starlings is to place stuffed owls in the trees. The starlings zoom in, see their arch enemy the owl and hurry off for parts unknown.

In Decatur, Ill., two fellows are getting rich manufacturing aluminum owls with luminous faces for \$15 each. Business slumped after the first couple of months when the starlings learned to sneak in behind the owls. Now they paint faces on both sides of their owls and the starlings find an owl staring them in the eyes no matter what approach they choose.

But the starling war hasn't been waged without its pacifists. In Toronto an animal protection society has doggedly opposed each campaign on the grounds that humans are the last creatures created on earth, and that starlings deserve some consideration as prior tenants. There have been numerous complaints, too, that the shooting of starlings destroys trees, kills many other birds and teaches cruelty to

Continued on page 36



Often cockeyed, always complicated and costly, television is still the most irresistible show on earth.

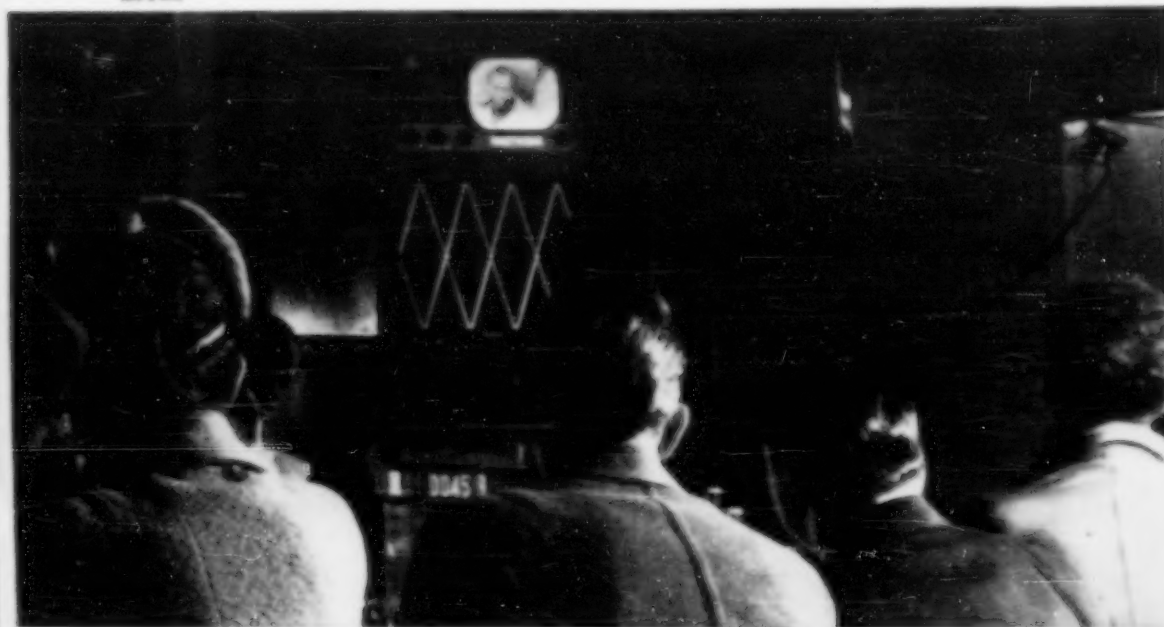
Why They Won't Let You Have Television

By BLAIR FRASER

Maclean's Ottawa Editor

Southern Ontario barflies occasionally catch the new culture on the Buffalo channel.

DEE & WEL



CANADA is three years behind the United States in television and seven years behind Britain.

In New York last month I sat before a TV set and watched Arturo Toscanini conduct the NBC Symphony Orchestra in the Mozart G Minor Symphony. Every gesture, every change of expression on the old man's face was visible. You could see him frown as he shushed one section, and light up with eagerness as he beckoned in another.

You could look right over the musicians' shoulders, see just how a flautist purses his lips, watch the flying fingers of the first violins. The music itself was coming in by FM transmission, as clear and pure as if you were sitting in the concert hall. The whole picture gave an insight into the working of an orchestra and a great conductor that no concert goer ever gets—and it all came into a darkened room on a screen 10 inches square.

This month President Truman's inauguration will be witnessed by Americans in 13 cities, stretch-

We're falling so far behind on TV we may never catch up. Ottawa balks the CBC and the CBC balks private showmen

ing in the east from Boston to Richmond, Va., and in the Midwest from Cleveland to St. Louis. About five million people will watch the ceremony, with a far better view than they'd have from the sidewalk in Washington. Within seven or eight years, the U. S. A.'s present 60 stations will have grown to 1,000, a Washington spokesman told me recently.

In Britain, viewers saw the Commonwealth Prime Ministers gather in Downing Street for their conference last October, saw each one close up as he came out into the garden for a brief interview, then saw the whole thing worked into an hour-long TV broadcast that touched on every aspect of Commonwealth affairs.

Those, of course, are high spots. In the United States, at least, the run-of-mine television show is still pretty deadly drivel—third-rate night-club entertainers, the embraces of obscure wrestlers, static pictures of a newscaster reading from his script or a crooner crooning. And, of course, the inevitable, inescapable commercials.

But with all its imperfections and imbecilities, no one can watch TV without realizing that here is a tremendous social force, its potential impact greater than radio, telephone or movies. It has changed the whole pattern of living for a million American families—and the number will be increased to two million by the end of this year, probably 17 million by 1955.

Canada has none of this yet. We can't have it until 1950 at the earliest—it would take that long to put up stations and start manufacturing sets.

That's assuming the CBC allows four private companies to start TV stations after a conference to be held in Ottawa this month. It's far from certain that this will happen.

Thumbs Down From Above

IF THE CBC had money to go into TV itself, there's little doubt what the answer would be—private and public television would both get a green light. Last May the CBC declared "Canada should not lag behind" in television and undertook to "strive for the maximum provision of Canadian television for Canadians."

"The Corporation will proceed," its Board of Governors said, "as soon as the necessary financing can be arranged."

That was the rub. "Necessary financing" for the CBC means a fat Government loan and license fees on TV sets. The Cabinet took up both requests one day in October, without inviting any views from the CBC, and turned them down.

"I don't know anything about television," one senior Minister said later, "but it costs money, so my instinctive reaction was against it. We're into too many things already."

Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe, one of the few Ministers who'd given some thought to the matter, had a more positive view. He thought television a proper field for private enterprise. Not for years, if ever, can it be brought to a majority of Canadians—only the larger cities could hope to have it now, or soon. At the start it will be enormously expensive. In the United States, NBC lost about \$3 millions on television network operations in 1948, though NBC has more time sold to advertisers than any other television broadcaster. An independent station in Philadelphia, even though it has built up an advertising revenue of \$4,000 a week, still loses more than \$1,000 every day. No American TV station has yet broken even, after two years.

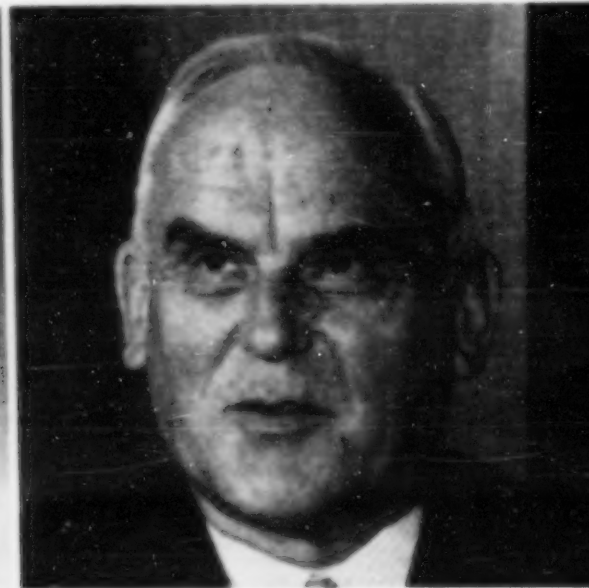
Naturally, these private investors expect to get their money back eventually. They are not in business for their health; *Continued on page 38*



Cost of equipment like this has paralyzed CBC, which has paralyzed individual promoters.



JOHN STOLLE



BILL & JACK MORTON

CBC Chairman Dunton seeks green light — and greenbacks. Howe doubts taxpayers would approve.

"What hath God wrought?" Miracle of television still boils down often to soap and cheesecake.





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Full Circle Round Shahli's

By MCKENZIE PORTER

IT WAS in Cairo just before the battle of El Alamein that I first saw Nina Fedorovna and Jimmie Biggs. The Egyptian capital was then in a flap. The night spots were still fawning on British officers but secretly ordering swastika flags to welcome the Afrika Korps. I had flown in from Moscow and was waiting in line with other King's Messengers for the next trip. There were few dispatches moving at the time because nobody knew what an unknown general called Montgomery was going to do. I had plenty of time to study the Sphinx and feminine form on the terrace at Shepherd's.

There wasn't much fun for me after nightfall in Doll's or The Badia. The Desert Rats who came up from the blue for four days' leave used to shy at the sight of a half-colonel in 1914 ribbons. And although I would have preferred their company in the more gallant joints I understood their feelings and spent most of my evenings in Shahli's buying drinks for myself and colored water for Nina.

Shahli's was one of those quiet little rum-and-rumba cabins off the Mena Road which the base wallahs cornered for themselves. They pinned a "Senior Officers Only" notice on the front door and did all they could to keep the existence of the place a secret from the front-line majors and above. This enabled them to lead a cozy double life without listening to sand-happy subalterns talking loudly at the bar of Cairo Commandos and The Chairborne Division.

Of course all the best girls were in Shahli's. Except for the stomach dancer, who was a milk-chocolate Franco-Lebanese, Shahli's girls were all white. They were mostly Russians, Romanians and Greeks and to any warrior fresh from the desert they would have looked like film stars.

NINA FEDOROVNA took me up at once because she was experienced enough to recognize me as a type on special pay from the Foreign Office. She was a White Russian. And she was beautiful.

She spun the same yarn as all the other Russian girls in the Middle East. She said she was a countess in her own right. But I think there may have been some truth in her story because she bristled with signs of blue blood. Her conversation was uninhibited, her manners impeccable and her dress taste austere. Her father and mother, she said, had died in Harbin, Manchuria, soon after fleeing the Bolshevik revolution in 1919. She had

been brought up by an old nurse on the proceeds of the family jewelry.

When the nurse died she packed what was left of the family estate and started performing Russian folk dances in Chinese and Manchurian cabarets. She was activated by an obsession to return to European communities. Over a period of five years she had worked her way west toward this objective through Hong Kong, Shanghai, Calcutta, New Delhi, Teheran, Baghdad, Damascus and Haifa to Cairo. And she showed me pictures of herself in all these places to prove it.

The war had halted her long safari in Egypt. But even though the Germans were only sixty miles away she was confident she would soon be clear of colored countries forever.

One night as the bandmen struck up "Lili Marlene" with an ironical "it-won't-be-long-now" expression on their faces I held a match to Nina's brown pencil-length Russian cigarette. She blew a plume of smoke up to the gold and carmine arabesques on Shahli's ceiling, then she said calmly, "Someday soon I shall go to England."

"How soon?" I asked, knowing that with her dubious nationality she had no more chance in those days than she had of selling the pyramids to an American.

"It all depends," she said, "on the length of the war, and, as your Duke of Wellington once said, it all depends on that article there—"

She pointed out through the Moorish arch to a palm garden just opposite, where a British Tommy was looting under the fairy lights drinking Stella beer. The place was used by batmen and drivers waiting for their officers in Shahli's.

"That is Private James Biggs, of Tooting Beck, London, England," she said. "He will get a divorce from his wife and marry me. Then he will take me to England. There I shall divorce him. Perhaps then, and only then, I will marry someone of my own class and live in the manner to which I was born."

I was half-puzzled, half-amused. I tried to hide my discomfort by watching a tramcar resembling a luminescent beetle crawling cut to the edge of the desert, and the gunfire on the horizon sawing into the blue hyacinth sky like a brilliant scimitar, and the Arab merchant, dozing on his camel, as he undulated home from the bazaar.

"Does Private Biggs know all this?" I asked.

"Not yet," she said. "He will never know it all until I am rid of him. But he will get to know of it, a little at a time."

We rose and danced, rather sedately I remember, among the old brass hats waddling pretty girls round the room, and hum-hawing at each other, and having a jolly good war in Shahli's while their wives and children were being bombed back home.

Nina danced seductively, and she was carrying Rochat's "Femme," a perfume blended to make a fireball of an anemic curate.

Yet I had only to look at the speculative glint in her big black eyes and the tiny hard lines at the corners of her mouth to remember my age, and my commitments.

She seemed to relax more, and become more intimate, as people often do when they have unloaded a secret.

"Why don't you marry some single officer instead of picking on poor old Biggs?" I asked.

"Single British officers never marry girls from Middle East night clubs," she said. "And very sensible of them, too."

"Well, a single private then?"

"I have never met a single private. They are paid four times as much when they are married."

"Well, why particularly Biggs?"

"Because," she said, "he is stupid, selfish and common, and I would not mind upsetting his silly little life. He is also very easy. He will certainly marry me to get me. And I want him so little that he could never affect me or stop me using him for my own ends."

"Supposing he gets killed?"

"Private Biggs will never get killed, or even wounded. He has rudimentary cunning, he has been batman-driver to a noncombatant officer ever since

the day he joined the army, and that is the rank he will hold when he is discharged."

"When and how do you meet him?" I asked.

"We go to that awful Groppi's every afternoon, for 'ice cream.'"

Her detachment in relation to Biggs fascinated me. The more she spoke of Biggs the warmer she grew toward me.

I was aware of Nina speaking softly into my ear.

"I like you. You are intelligent. You don't blame me for what I am going to do."

"What will you do for money?" I said. "He couldn't keep you a couple of weeks in Civvy Street let alone buy you a passage to England."

"But I have plenty of money," she said in some surprise. "And it is invested in the safest securities for wartime. It is all in jewelry. Some I have earned myself and some was my mother's. I suppose I am worth fifty thousand sterling."

"Phew," I said, "that's a lot."

"In China," she said lightly, "there was a mandarin. In India there was a maharajah. In Syria there was a sheik. There are real sheiks in Syria, you know. This

Continued on page 20

Meet Nina, friend of rajahs, mandarins and Jimmie Biggs. Nina Fedorovna, aristocrat, lovely, vicious — never dull



ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER J. HEFFRON

"Private James Biggs will take me to England," she said.



Chinatown bobby-saxers enjoy a singsong.

What, No Opium Dens?

No secret tunnels, either, in Vancouver's Chinatown.
It's exotic enough without the dime-novel trappings

PHOTOS BY HARRY FILION

By CLYDE GILMOUR

MR. AND Mrs. Michael Palmer of Grand Rapids, Mich., were honeymooning in Vancouver a few weeks ago and I met them at a party. Right away Nancy started asking me questions about Vancouver's Chinatown.

"It must be fascinating," she said. "I understand it's the biggest Chinatown in Canada and second only to San Francisco on this continent. An old aunt of mine visited here a long time ago. After listening to her talk about it, I'm just dying to see the place."

I asked her what sort of stories her aunt had told her about Chinatown. At that Mike snickered sardonically.

"Secret tunnels," he said, leering and whispering. "Opium dens. White slavery. Inscrutable celestials in pigtails, with knives hidden up their silk sleeves."

"Gorgeous slant-eyed beauties with bound feet," Nancy cut in, grinning. "Shadowy, sinister door-

ways. Ancient love drugs. Medicines made from the tongues of wild serpents. It sounds wonderful and I believe every word of it, too."

The upshot was that we arranged a tour of Chinatown for the next day. Our guide was a highly intelligent young Vancouver-born businessman named Wong. When I call him "Wong" I am making him almost as anonymous as "a guy named Joe." There are about 7,000 Chinese in Canada named Wong. There were five of us: the honeymooning Palmers from Michigan, a Vancouver girl named Joan, my friend Wong, and myself.

Wong gave us a briefing as we started out. "Chinatown," he told us, "covers about 20 city blocks halfway between the CPR and CNR stations. The population is about 5,000 in summer or 6,000 in winter. Right now is the time when hundreds of Chinese return to the city from their summer jobs in logging camps, sawmills, and farms in the Fraser Valley." The entire Chinese population of Vancouver sometimes rises as high as 10,000 in winter. That's

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Warrior of 2,000 years ago looks down on Saender Gee, Chinatown editor.

Pender, the main street. Behind drab fronts, the flavor of the East.







Outbound Montrealers got needle in 1885 scare.

SMALLPOX — A SLEEPING KILLER

By D. M. LEBOURDAIS

Smallpox, a deadly, loathsome disease, ought to be extinct. But we don't worry about it — until an epidemic strikes



Mass vaccination in New York during 1946 scare. Prompt action averted disaster.

Montreal epidemic; children being loaded into smallpox van while fathers fight police.



IN WINDSOR, ONT., in 1924, a number of people gathered at the funeral of a friend who was believed to have died of flu. Within the next two weeks, some of the mourners became violently ill with what was found to be malignant smallpox.

When word of this got about, Windsor was in a panic. Many people hurriedly left town. Nearly everybody rushed at once to get vaccinated. Doctors worked day and night, and in two weeks 50,000 persons had received the protection of vaccine.

Stemming from this first unrecognized case, 67 persons were eventually stricken, of whom 32 died.

A similar epidemic broke out at Vancouver in 1931-32. It, too, was well under way before the disease was recognized. Two cases were pronounced measles and two others, chicken pox. As in Windsor, fear gripped the community. Directly, or indirectly, many persons had come in contact with these four cases and no one knew where the scourge might strike next. Long queues formed in front of doctors' offices, and the emergency clinics set up by the city medical officer. Before the epidemic was checked, 56 persons of all ages had died terrible deaths.

What might have been a serious epidemic occurred in New York in 1946, when a businessman arrived from Mexico with smallpox. Before the disease was recognized, 12 persons had caught it and the health authorities were badly scared. Their energetic action in vaccinating 6,500,000 persons within six weeks is credited with saving the city from an epidemic.

Worst on the Prairies

NOT a town in Canada is safe from the danger of smallpox and each year the threat increases. When long periods elapse between smallpox flare-ups, people grow careless. They think there is no danger—if they think about it at all. That's where they're wrong. There is only one sure way to prevent smallpox and that is by vaccination. But, despite laws requiring it in most of the provinces, a large percentage of the people of Canada are either not vaccinated at all or ineffectively treated.

Reporting smallpox cases has been compulsory in every province since 1933. From that year to 1947, in all of Canada, 617 cases were reported. None were noted from either Prince Edward Island or New Brunswick, and only one—in 1933—from Quebec. Three, all in 1938, were reported from Nova Scotia. Ontario had 32 cases. The remaining 581 were all in Western Canada, with an arresting total of 225 for Saskatchewan, and 219 for Alberta. Manitoba had 85 cases and B. C. 52.

Why the Prairie provinces should have had so many cases lacks a conclusive answer. One explanation is that the younger provinces would take longer to establish large "insulating" groups of vaccinated persons.

During the same period, 21 smallpox deaths were reported as follows: N. S., 1; Ont., 1; Sask., 5; Alta., 3; and B. C., 11. The disease has taken no lives in Canada since 1940.

Every epidemic demonstrates beyond question the value of vaccination. In Windsor, not one of the 32 persons who died had been vaccinated. In Vancouver, of the 56 persons who had smallpox, 40 had never been vaccinated and the other 16 had been vaccinated.

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By JUNE CALLWOOD

RADIO'S Howard Cable, who some claim has sold his soul for a mere fortune, has been considered one of the music trade's leading boy wonders for the past seven years. This is quite a feat, since boy wonders at best are a transient crew and Cable, conductor, composer and top-flight arranger, is now a ripe 28 years old.

"As a boy wonder," he beams modestly, "I am no boy."

The infant Cable is a legend in his own time because of the volume and velocity of his output. The years 1943-45 saw him work a shattering 16-hour day, seven days a week, turning out faster than anyone else arrangements which ran the gamut from fancy to fantastic, and taking his wages home in panel trucks. Instead of burning himself out—as even his best friends assured him would happen—he emerged acknowledged the best arranger in the country, a successor to Percy Faith's spotlight. He has also chased the wolf even farther from his suburban Toronto doorstep by copping the heavy-paying General Electric Show Sunday evenings, a spot for which most entertainers would trade their claque.

Perhaps paradoxically, Cable's work is most admired by musicians such as Sir Ernest MacMillan of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, who recently remarked that there are few first-class arrangers in the world, but that Howard Cable is one of them. The Symphony's assistant conductor, Paul Scher-

man, flatly contends that Cable is the world's best arranger.

"You give him an assignment and he not only finishes it faster than anyone else, but you get the best arrangement you could possibly get. The man is an absolute genius."

Arranging, a comparatively recent art, is the business of taking a tune as it comes from the publisher and weaving it into a custom-built garment for the conductor or sponsor with the required fee. Using the same tune as a base, Cable has constructed a be-bop arrangement for a dance band, an arrangement with a list to the classic for an orchestra with a sit-down audience, and a pattern of sound to rise and fall in the background as some deathless drama is enacted at the mike. It's where the notes and emphasis fall and which instruments are featured when, that weeds the

men from the boy wonders in the arrangement business.

For an absolute genius Cable is in remarkably complete possession of his buttons. He has none of the qualities which distinguish the Hollywood style of musical genius: no ulcers, no drinking, no divorces. "This makes me an eccentric in the radio dodge," he grins. "Look at me! One wife!"

Cable, in fact, is one of radio's outstanding family men. He and his pretty, tiny wife, the former Dawn Darroch, have four children—two girls and two boys—and he works at home oblivious to such domestic sounds as children screaming, dogs barking and vacuum whining.

"There's only one thing that gets through to me when I'm concentrating on my work," says he, "and that's injustice. I've got one kid who can swindle the rest out of the candy in their mouths. When she goes to work my sense of fair play gets aroused and I have to drop what I'm doing and protect my doper children. Other than that, I never hear them."

Cable works in a big square room over the garage that adjoins his house. It has one door which opens on the stairway between the main hall and the upstairs—a door which it has never occurred to him to close. He interrupts his work an estimated 20 times a day to answer door and phone, drive the children to school and visit with whichever one of his relatives is passing by.

His success, despite conditions which would goad many men to fury, is based on his power of concentration. He works at an intense migraine-making pace for a half hour, accomplishes about two hours work in the time, then lets up for the next half hour.

His method is to sit at his piano with several ash trays and the melody he *Continued on page 33*

Arrangements By Cable

Canadian radio's miracle kid only tells people how good he is week ends. Other days they tell him



The Cables at home: no ulcers, no alcohol, no alimony.

CANADIANECDOTE



The Vindication of Suzanne Pas-de-Nom

IN THE year 1803 William Conolly, a young Irish clerk in the service of the North West Company, who ultimately became a Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, married in the Rat River country in the West a Cree maiden named Suzanne. They were married, as the phrase went, "according to the custom of the country"—that is, without book, bell, or candle. In due course they had six children, one of whom was destined to become Lady Douglas, the wife of the first governor of British Columbia.

In 1831 Conolly retired from the fur trade; and like all the fur traders he was faced with the problem of what to do about his Indian wife and half-breed children. Many of the fur traders solved the problem by leaving their Indian families behind them in the West; a few took their Indian wives and half-breed families back with them to civilization.

Of these William Conolly was one. He settled with his Indian family at St. Eustache, near Montreal. But the experiment did not work out well. Suzanne Pas-de-Nom, as she was known, did not take kindly to civilized life. She went about in moccasins (she had never worn boots or shoes) and she covered her head with a shawl. This was bad enough in St. Eustache; but when Conolly moved to Montreal, it was worse. In Montreal Conolly met again his second cousin, Julia Woolrich, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant, and fell in love with her. He consulted the church authorities and they assured him that, under the canon law, his marriage with Suzanne Pas-de-Nom was invalid; and that he was free to marry again. He therefore married Julia Woolrich, while Suzanne Pas-de-Nom was still living in Montreal.

Marriage among the Cree Indians was dissoluble at will; and Suzanne meekly accepted her fate. Conolly arranged that she

should be sent back to a convent in the Red River Settlement and he undertook to support her there for the rest of her life. He then proceeded to raise a white family by his white wife.

In 1849 he died. He willed his estate to his white widow; and she continued to pay for the support of the Indian widow in the Red River convent. His half-breed family acquiesced in this rather quaint situation so long as their mother was being supported but when she died in 1862, her eldest son, John Conolly, brought suit in the courts to recover for himself and his brothers and sisters half of his father's estate.

Before the action came to trial, the second Mrs. Conolly (Julia Woolrich) died, in 1865, and it was found that in her will she had actually left a legacy to Suzanne Pas-de-Nom. But her children and relatives contested the case (for there was not only the money at stake, but also the legitimacy of the white children); and the trial opened in Montreal before Mr. Justice Monk on July 9, 1867, only a few days after the Dominion of Canada came into existence.

It was a *cause célèbre* of those days. Evidence was heard from a number of old fur traders in regard to the marital adventures of the Nor'Westers and some frank revelations were made about some famous figures in the fur trade.

The judge, in a most interesting judgment, found in favor of the plaintiff. That is, he held that the marriage of William Conolly and Suzanne Pas-de-Nom was valid and that the plaintiff was entitled to a share in his father's estate. The Woolrich family appealed, lost again and then appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Before the case came before the Privy Council, however, it was settled out of court; and the validity of the marriage of Suzanne Pas-de-Nom "according to the custom of the country" was tacitly admitted.—W. S. Wallace.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Full Circle Round Shahli's

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one had six Packard cars. They were all educated in England, France or the United States. They were all gentlemen. And they were all very generous.

"What about in Egypt?"

"In Egypt there are no gentlemen, only fellahin, camel drivers and merchants."

"So now there is no one but Biggs?"

"There is not even Biggs. Biggs is just my passport to England."

On the way back I was held up by a convoy of new Sherman tank transporters bound for Alexandria. While we waited, my driver turned to me.

"That Biggs won't bats for the petrol, oil and lubricants brigadier, 'e's a lark," he announced.

"Oh," I said.

"Yus," said my driver, "e's a crafty squaddie, 'e is. 'E's got 'is feet under the table all right. 'E's all tied up wiv one of them wimmen from that club you've been to. 'E knows where 'e's goin', does Biggs."

I grunted.

THE next day I made a short run down to the Sudan with some notes about the movement of a brigade of West African Rifles. I was back in forty-eight hours and I dropped into Croppi's for a cup of tea. Nina and Biggs were there and I was able to study the soldier more closely.

He was a well-built lad, one of the few who could really carry wide shorts and ankle puttees without looking like a sparrow. He had a coarse face but even features. The sun had tanned him a walnut-brown, but it had not dimmed the livid redness of his full, sensual lips. His eyes were set too close together, and there was something in their restlessness which distinguished him from the ordinary docile, plodding Tommy. I judged that he had more than average guile or he would certainly have been roasting in a slit trench under mortar bombs instead of meeting a Russian countess every afternoon.

He was gloating over Nina. He was acutely conscious of the other troops, with bits of Arab watching and envying him.

On the other hand Nina obviously dominated him. He watched her anxiously when he spoke, trying to melt her hauteur and obvious boredom. She caught a glimpse of me and made a grimace of distaste.

I wondered whether it was my duty as a British officer to warn him of Nina's intentions, or at least to tell the welfare people. But I decided it would involve me in too many complications and let it go.

Soon afterward Montgomery feinted, caught the Germans on one leg and smashed through their lines. As he chased them out of Africa, the Cairo night spots canceled their orders for swastikas. Sicily fell and the bloody battle for Rome began. There was so much diplomatic and military activity that I was just a circus horse running round Moscow, London, Cairo and Washington. I went into Rome on the heels of the Yankees and was there when they unlocked the door of our embassy in the Eternal City.

Then Athens was liberated. I was doing so much flying round the Mediterranean that I never stayed more than one night in Cairo and was always too fagged to visit Shahli's.

Nearly two years passed without one glimpse of Nina or Biggs and in the excitement of the victorious campaigns of Western Europe I had almost forgotten them.

But one night in Rome I was recommended to the Nirvanetta. As I

checked in my cap, I happened to glance at a line of jeeps parked outside. Lolling in one, reading *The Union Jack*, was Biggs. I was immediately conscious of an aura, a certain but intangible presence which I knew to be that of Nina.

The Nirvanetta was an open-air cabaret which shone like a jewel in the middle of a slum just behind the Via del Tritone where the road tunnel runs through to the Via Nazionale. There was dancing on a marble square under illuminated mimosa and vines and lashings of rich amber Frascati. A few poor of adjacent tenements sat on what were once ornate but now scrubby balconies overlooking their conquerors at play and applauding politely the end of each number.

A fragile Neapolitan soprano with a face like a flower sang "Sorrento" and "Santa Lucia" which had become favorites with the troops. Then a handsome big-bosomed Florentine contralto wrung our hearts with a haunting song which was composed in Hungary but in Italy was a rave entitled "Triste Dominica."

Nina came up to my table in a cloud of Schiaparelli's "Shocking." She was sheathed in a long silver gown. The hard lines at the corners of her mouth had softened a little. In her eyes there was a mist of genuine affection and pleasure.

"And how is my globe-trotting old messenger boy?"

"Well," I said, rising, "and you?"

"Terribly happy. It is my first time in Europe since I can't remember. The war will be over any day. And then—"

"I saw Private Biggs outside," I said.

"Yes, I still have my Biggs," she said.

"Still going to England?"

"Scotland."

"Scotland?" I said with some surprise.

She nodded.

"All fixed?"

She nodded again.

"Yes, he's got his divorce. He went home on leave and got it quickly through the army. It was simple. It is some special dispensation to soldiers who have been abroad more than three years."

"Tell me, Nina, how did you get here?"

"It was easy. There was an American pilot. He flew me over from Cairo and got me out at Ciampino when nobody was looking. The Italians are so disorganized that they can't check up on anybody."

I looked at her a silent moment.

Nina was different. She seemed softer now that her plans were maturing. Somehow in the atmosphere of luxury living behind a deadly front line her calm and calculated self-interest, even wickedness, did not jar. She was a lovely woman and that was all that mattered. Her attitude toward Biggs was changing too.

"He is not nearly so bad as you'd imagine. Sometimes he is quite a gentleman. I have taught him how to use his knife and fork properly and how to stand up whenever a woman enters the room. In some ways I shall be sorry when I have to throw him over."

The only place she could meet Biggs, she explained, was in an out-of-bounds black-market restaurant where I knew prices were fabulous.

"And who pays for that?" I said.

"I do," she said. "I have met a confessa. She belongs to a very old Roman family. Like so many of the women the poor thing is quite unorthodox. She is very rich. She has put me into a beautiful apartment. But Biggs

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doesn't know that, of course. At least I don't think he does."

We drove to Nina's place in a corner across the dreaming Giardini Borghesi. The limping nag dragged us zigzag up the terrace high above the Piazza Spagna. We saw the dome of St. Peter's suspended in moonlight filling the basin of the Seven Hills. The sluggish Tiber, by day so dirty yellow, shone like a ribbon of platinum.

Once we stopped and gave ten lire to a ragamuffin who sang "O Sole Mio" for us from the steps of the Villa Medici. We spoke little. Finally we clattered over the cobble into the spacious Piazza Verdi. The driver said "A-a-h!" The bag of bones that was pulling us stopped abruptly and thankfully outside a block of expensive apartments.

AS WE stopped, and I stepped out, a jeep came screaming round the corner into the square and pulled up in a stink of burning rubber beside us. Biggs stood to attention at the curbside step and saluted smartly.

"Jimmy?" gasped Nina. It was the first time I ever saw her alarmed. Biggs ignored her.

"Could I have a word with you, sir?" he said.

"Certainly," I said.

He about-turned and marched away some ten or twelve paces. I alighted from the curbside and went up to him.

"Miss Fedorova, sir," he said tensely, "is my fiancée."

"I know," I said.

He was glaring at me, insolently, and quivering in the effort of preserving a correct attitude before an officer.

"I do not know of anything in King's Rules and Regulations that gives an officer the right to go after a soldier's girl," he said.

"I am not after your girl, Private Biggs. I am merely escorting her to her home. I was given to understand that you would be unable to do so yourself."

"May I speak as man to man, sir?"

"You may."

"Well, lay off, will you? I don't want no officers running after my girl now."

I looked at Nina. We were just out of earshot. She was still sitting in the curbside studying the upper windows of the apartment building.

"Biggs," I said quietly, "I've thought of speaking to you before about this matter, but I've wondered whether it was my business."

"You can't tell me nuffin about 'er," he said.

"Are you sure you are aware of her intentions?"

He sneered and spat contemptuously. His close-set, currant eyes glittered. "I'm aware of my own intentions," he said, "and that is good enough for me."

"Private Biggs," I said, "the man-to-man talk is over. I am leaving now in that curbside. You may go."

He took one pace back, saluted, about-turned, and marched straight toward the decrepit four-wheeler. The driver started nervously.

Biggs took Nina by the arm and pulled her out.

"Get into that house!" he said.

Without a word, or a look at me, Nina took out her key and opened the apartment door. Biggs pushed her roughly inside and followed. He then slammed the door shut.

"Mama Mia!" murmured the driver. I climbed into the curbside. I mopped my brow. I was very tired. "Albergo Flora," I said.

"St. al, colonel."

When I got back to the hotel I could not sleep. I lay on top of the cover watching the domes and spires of

silvered Rome turn to purple, and crimson, and finally to gold as the sun soaked into the ancient, mellow stone. Nina drifted relentlessly through my thoughts, vicious, desirable Nina.

I rose, dressed and scorching out to Ostia in a jeep.

I walked down the black sand into the postcard sea. Floating in that cool cradle, on my back, I managed a little to forget her.

THE Germans surrendered. The horror of Hiroshima filled the world with new foreboding. The Russians began to snarl. I went back into civilian clothes again. But there was no demobilization of King's Messengers. They were even signing more, younger men, on. I was working the Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Berlin circuit. Where there had been ten British, Canadian and American veterans there was now one fresh-faced boy in khaki.

But the tension was not relaxed. It seemed now that the war just won had been more like an overture to a bigger carnage to come.

In Paris I used to try to uncoil myself in Szary Solidor's. I liked the witty, cynical songs. Where there was humor it seemed to me there might be hope. And anyhow there were no girls bothering me to buy drinks or old sweats getting tight and fighting their battles all over again.

I saw Nina and Biggs there just for a minute. I tried to hide behind a woman's picture hat, but Nina spotted me, just as they were leaving. Nina was magnificently gowned and she looked radiant. Biggs, too, was expensively, tastefully dressed, and he had a new assurance and poise. But for his giveaway eyes he might have been an honest and well-bred young man from the London stock exchange.

Nina, back down on me in full sail, all silks and rings and furs. Biggs eyed me suspiciously, made to follow her, then changed his mind and waited by the door.

"How are you?" I said.

"On top of the world," she said. "We're married."

"And Scotland?"

"We're off next month. Dearest one, I have a surprise for you." She lowered her voice so that Biggs wouldn't hear. "I'm happily married."

"You mean you aren't going to give him up?"

"Never! He's nearly a gentleman now, and I've grown terribly fond of him. It was that night in Rome that started it. As soon as he got out of that dreadful uniform he was a changed man. So clever! Why, we've had two months' holiday here in a suite in the George Cinq and as you know one is only allowed to bring £75 out of England."

"How did you manage that?"

"Oh, Jimmy knows all the ropes. Something to do with cashing cheques. He's marvelous. But he says he really just wants to settle in Scotland and be a gentleman farmer. It's going to be heaven. Well, we must fly now. We're off to meet some friends of Jimmy's. They've been valuing my jewels. Do you know I've smuggled those things through seventeen countries!"

"Good luck, Nina," I said. "I hope you like life down on the farm."

"Here's the address of the place I'm going to buy," she said. "Do come and see me when you are in Scotland. Promise now."

I promised.

She laid her hand tenderly on mine for a moment.

"I've always thought it was a pity we never knew each other better," she said.

She went back to Biggs who was waiting at the door. They both turned

to wave. I thought Biggs waved rather nonchalantly, even impudently.

I NEVER saw them together again, but two years later I saw them separately, within forty-eight hours of each other, even though they were 5,000 miles apart.

I had been on a mission to Edinburgh, my first time in the Scottish capital since before the war. I didn't know anybody there. I was tempted to ring up the estate whose address Nina had given me in Paris.

A stranger replied. He seemed surprised when I asked if a Miss Nina Fedorovna was there.

"She doesn't live here," he said. "Do you happen to know her?" I said.

"Well," he said, "a Miss Fedorovna came up here one day and asked to look over the place. Rather an extraordinary person. Sort of theatrical or something."

"I happen to be a friend of hers," I said. "I would be grateful if you could tell me what you know about her."

"Well, I know very little," he said. "She seemed a pleasing sort of a person and I showed her round. Then she started weeping. I asked her if there was anything I could do for her and she said no. She said she was merely making a sentimental journey. She left and I haven't seen her since."

"Do you know where she is?" I said. "I can't say for sure," he said, "but I have seen her picture outside one of those night-club places in town."

"Thanks," I said, and rang off.

AS SOON as I hung up my hat in the "Forty-Five" I knew I was in for a surprise. The place was built into a cellar under a warehouse not far from the end of Prince's Street. It wasn't my kind of a joint at all. The decor was the imitation of a London West End club. The hostesses were all dressed in two-guinea gowns. Female clients accompanied by men wore day clothes.

There was dust on the chandeliers and the edges of the tables were corrugated with cigarette burns.

When I entered, the hostesses and their clients were dancing a rumba. At least it was supposed to be dancing.

As I sat, the drummer suddenly produced a roll and we saw a couple of rosy vaudeville acts.

Then the spotlight centred the floor and Nina swished in. She wore Russian boots and one of those sash affairs. Her costume shrieked of the second-rate theatrical property box. She danced a Tartar dance which called for squatting on her haunches and shooting out her feet. She wore a fixed brittle smile which hardly disguised the fact that the effort was almost too much for her.

When last I had seen her she had looked twenty-eight. In two years, however, she seemed to have suffered ten years of wear. She looked every minute of thirty-eight. The crowd thought her act was good and howled for an encore. Nina's encore made me blush for her. She did an imitation naught dance in a "Desert Song" rig-out. For this dance her face was blank, but I saw it slip once or twice in contempt for the audience.

When she saw me she registered no surprise. She just said "Hello" with her eyes. Five minutes after she had finished, she came to my table.

"Jolly people, aren't they?" said Nina.

"Tell me, what's happened to you?" I asked.

"Let's have some really strong lemonade," she said, making a gesture to the waiter.

"Where's Biggs?" I said.

"I neither know nor care," she said.

"It's a funny thing, but I care for nothing now."

"Come on, Nina," I said, "out with it."

SHE told me that she and Biggs had arrived in Edinburgh and booked in at the Caledonian. Their plan had been to go up to the estate they were to buy, the next day, to see if they could buy it. Biggs left her in the bedroom saying he was going down to the bar for a last drink. She never saw him again.

Nina didn't panic immediately, although she was badly shaken, for in her way she had learned to love him. It was when she needed cash for her hotel bill that the blow fell. She took one of her jewels to a dealer. He handed it back with a smile. It was imitation. All her jewels were imitation. Biggs, she said, must have had copies made of the real ones in Paris, and switched them. Only Biggs knew where the real ones were.

"The hotel took all my luggage," she said. "I hadn't even the fare back to London. Nothing but the clothes I stood in. I was arrested. When I couldn't pay the fine they put me in prison for a week. When I came out I hadn't a penny."

Here she paused. "I tried being a shopgirl, a waitress, even a dishwasher. But I was always sacked. They said I was no good. Finally I decided that the only thing to do was return to my own business. And this," she said, indicating the surroundings, "is all there is of this sort of thing up here."

She watched me as I observed the quantity she drank and she knew I had noted the yellow in her eye, the red flush on her high cheekbones, and the deepening shadow beneath.

"I tried to save enough to get new clothes to go up to London where the clubs are more suitable to a person of my standing. But it's a vicious circle," she said. "It's a squirrel's cage."

"Let me take you home, Nina," I said.

She laughed bitterly.

"I think you ought to go home," I said.

"Yes," she said. "Time to go home."

As we rose to leave the crowd clapped with ironical innuendo and I realized that Nina was the object of considerable observation and perhaps even notorious in prudish Edinburgh.

On the way back in the taxi she pulled herself together. We said very little. I fancy the thoughts of both of us were on other drives through different surroundings. I had never been within a mile of loving her and I'm sure she had never loved me. But I had an odd softness for her and a strange, almost inexplicable, respect.

One remembers only the best moments of war and the most horrific. In time those phases are magnified and more richly colored in the recollection. I associated Nina with some of the most pleasant hours I had spent during that long conflict. There was even something of nostalgia in my mood.

The taxi sewing-machined into one of those mean streets behind Castle Rock. The houses were all alike, squatting in identical rows of granite symmetry below the lost glory of Scotland.

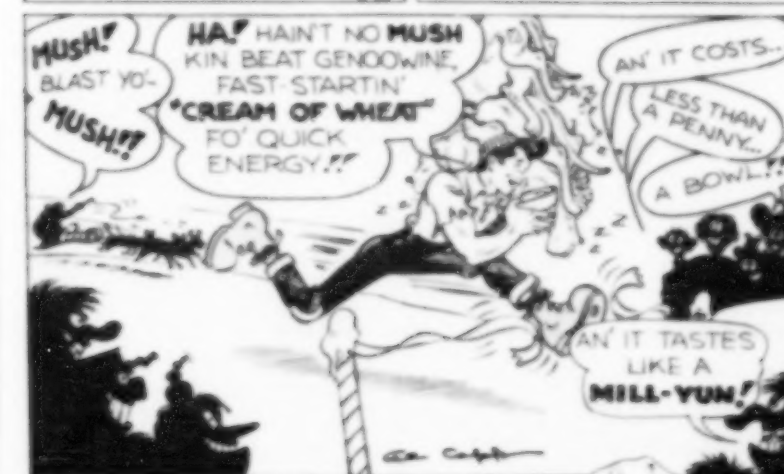
"This," said Nina as we pulled up, "is my Scottish home. It is only an hour's drive from the estate we were to buy. It was for this that I left Harbin and danced my way across three continents. Dramatic, isn't it?"

A card in the window of the house said: "Theatrical lodgings." From behind an upstairs window came the noises of a party.

"Acrobats," said Nina. "Acrobats and midgets. Very nice, very kind simple people."

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COLDS should be treated promptly! They often occur when body resistance is low, due perhaps to insufficient sleep, lack of fresh air, improper nutrition, or exposure to changes in weather. The cold may lower resistance still further and, if neglected, may lead to influenza, pneumonia or other infections.

INFLUENZA, while more serious than a cold, is not usually dangerous in itself. It may, however, weaken the system and pave the way for other illnesses. Fortunately, there is a new vaccine which has been used with considerable success against certain types of influenza. The doctor may recommend this vaccine if an epidemic threatens, if a person suffers from frequent colds, or if poor physical condition makes influenza a special danger.

PNEUMONIA is still a serious disease that calls for prompt diagnosis and treatment. The sulfa drugs and penicillin are highly effective in most cases, but they must be given early for best results. Your doctor now has a vaccine which provides protection against many of the most common types of pneumonia. One type of this disease, *virus pneumonia*, does not respond to the vaccine, sulfa drugs or penicillin. Although seldom fatal, it should have immediate medical attention.

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She took out her key and opened the door. Then she stood in the doorway blocking it, and hesitating.

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked, helplessly.

Nina opened her handbag and gave me back a five-pound note I had slipped into it during the ride home.

"There is nothing—nothing you can do, dear friend."

She held up her hand.

"Good-by," she said.

I took her hand and kissed it.

"Good-by, Nina Fedorovna," I said.

FORTY-EIGHT hours later I was in Cairo. I was sick of night clubs. But the Edinburgh scene kept running through my mind. I don't know why to this day I had an irresistible urge

to pay another visit to Shahl's.

The senior officers had obviously passed it on to the diplomatic crowd. The new decor was refined and the clients were smart and cosmopolitan. I was waiting for the head waiter to show me to a table when Biggs came up. He was wearing a white tuxedo and rings. His face had filled out to a plump and shiny brown apple. But those raisin eyes were still there, ranging over me.

"Good evening," he said.

"Hullo," I said, "glad I saw you."

"Really?"

"Yes," I said, "it's about Nina."

She's in a terrible mess and you—

"Not interested," he said blandly.

"Not now." He turned and with a jerk of his head indicated a line of hostesses idling at the bar. ★

The Quarrel

Continued from page 6

creamer. His blue serge suit was laid out on the bed just before he went up to dress; and just as he was walking back through the hallway to the kitchen again, she was on her way, through the dining room, to dress, herself.

I hated them separately, then. First one and then the other. When father took every cent of his money from the tureen in the dish closet and then came back and asked me (because mother hadn't offered) to brush off the back of his coat, I hated mother. "Father, why don't you get someone to help you mow that old back meadow next week?" I said, loud, as she could hear. When mother came downstairs and took the precious little bottle of perfume from behind the pendulum of the dining room clock, her face with the same tight look on it that his had, I hated father. "Let me take that creamer down cellar," I said. "It's too heavy for you."

There is something about changing one's clothes and the prospect of movement that stales the validity of an old quarrel. I think either of them might have spoken then. But I suppose that whenever father was tempted to speak the watchful drop of acid would touch a spot where his pride was still raw: "The time I set the boiling kettle on the new oilcloth, I said I was sorry, but she made out I did it on purpose just the same—She says she has a hard life." And when mother was tempted to speak, the same whisper would stir up the whole wind of forgotten hurts: "The time I scrubbed till I thought my back would break and then he tracked right through the house with his muddy boots on, just because he couldn't keep Tom Hannon waiting a minute for that pair of traces in the attic—He says he has a hard life." And when they'd let the minute pass, the silence itself had a kind of unshakable fascination.

WE HAD a sixteen-mile drive before us. It was one of those glorious mornings you get sometimes in late August, with a cleanness about it more of spring than of early fall. Little hair nets of dew clung here and there on the glistening grass. The waking call of the birds sounded sharp and new. It would be hot later, very hot, but now it was cool. Dark shadows of the alders fell across the dusty road, cool as shadows inside a well.

We didn't keep saying what a perfect day it was for the Exhibition, though. No one spoke at all. I didn't ask questions about any of the things that had happened in any of the places we passed, waiting with more, rather than less, excitement, because I already knew the answers from so many stories

before. It was all right when the horse was jogging. But when he slowed down to a walk, with the spinning of the wheels a sound of scraping only, as if we were bound to the road, the stretches from turn to turn looked endlessly long. The only way I could sit still at all was to pretend that, with hard-enough thinking of the town, some elastic tension would draw us suddenly from here to there.

This was the day that was to have been the most wonderful in my whole life.

I suppose the moment when we turned the corner by the old black-house and first came in sight of the Exhibition itself was most like the moment when the forces of the ingoing and the outgoing tide balance exactly. I think it was then that the quarrel lost all its color, like the flame of a lamp that has burned on into the daylight. There suddenly was the high board fence that encircled the actual wonder and all the throng. We became different people.

We seemed to shrink a little, somehow. Each of us could see, helplessly, as if noticing it was a kind of betrayal, that our clothes were Sunday clothes that had stiffened in the midst of the townspeople who had no idea that they were dressed up.

I think mother must have longed to straighten father's tie, and I couldn't help wishing he would put his coat on again, to cover up the sweat marks that edged the straps of his braces. I wished that mother would take off the sprig of fern she had pinned on her coat lapel, so wilted now that the safety pin showed through. I wiped the dust off the shiny round toes of my brown shoes and for the first time I wished they weren't so patently new. I took off the red-banded straw hat I had spent so long tilting at the right angle, and thrust it beneath the tasseled sewing-machine throw that mother had brought along to protect our good clothes.

MOTHER and I waited at the gate while father put out the horse. I forgot almost everything else then but the excitement to come. I watched the throng of people going in and the trickle of people coming out. It seemed incredible that there was no change of any kind in their faces the instant they stepped from the inside to the outside. How could they not look back, in soberness, or in satiety, or in longing? How could they bear to leave while it was still going on?

When father joined us again, silent still, and with that subtle little flicker of adjustment in mother when she saw his approach, we moved toward the ticket window. Just before we got there, he said to her, "Do you want any money?"

Continued on page 26

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Continued from page 24

I don't know what there was about that question. It was a curiously hurting thing, to have to ask, and to hear. No matter what had happened, the thought of her maybe having not enough money, on a day of pleasure—

"I got money," she said.

At last we were inside. I wish I could say that I stayed close with them all that day. But I deserted them almost at once. They moved through the dotted crowd so slowly. The stream of townspeople kept dividing us and father would step aside to let them pass. I wished he would walk straight ahead and let them move aside for him. I was suddenly angry with them because they didn't talk and laugh together as the others did. I left them, though father had given me a bright fifty-cent piece, so much more wonderful than if it had been in small coins, and mother had given me a quarter though I could see there were no bills in her purse at all. I left them because I thought the only way I could savor the wonder utterly was to know it alone.

IT'S an odd truth that when a child who has played too much alone pictures himself in the scene of a carnival occasion, he is invariably at the hub of its spirit, but when the time actually comes, he finds himself at the farthest point of its periphery. It was like that then.

Not that some of it could have been more wonderful. The ice cream. The ecstasy of the merry-go-round, heightened by the very dread of the horses beginning to slow down. The songs of the cowboys. It was not they, it was I who was singing. But in between the moments when the movement or the magic swung me irresistibly out of my own body, the sea of strange faces was like a kind of banishment. I stood there among them with such a feeling of nakedness that I wondered why they didn't seem to notice it.

When I came to the howdahlike booth of Madame Zelda, the sense of my fortune being a thing between just the two of us was gone altogether. The others crowded so close and surely everything she said could be heard. I stood there with my quarter tight and ready in my palm, but no matter how often I struck myself cold inside with the certain resolution to speak to her after she was through with that very next person, when my chance came my heart would beat so hotly that I simply couldn't get a word out. An agony of heat and cold alternated inside me until she put her jeweled hands flat on the counter, leaned out, and called, "Have your future prophesied?" It seemed she was staring directly into my face. I made a frantic pretense of looking for something I had lost on the ground and moved quickly away.

I joined mother and father again.

We came to the machine that registers your strength by the height a ball shoots upward at the blow of a hammer.

"Try it," I whispered to father. The man before him, a tall man with thin white town arms, had sent it up two thirds of the way. I wanted father to show them he could send it right to the top.

Father swung the hammer and the ball shot up almost as far as it had gone before, but not quite, and then fell back. "I guess I need more beans for that," he said, half-addressing the men about us. They glanced at him, without smiling, as if they didn't understand what he meant, or as if his futile little joke was out of place. He stepped back, his own tentative smile twitching and drying up on his face.

And it was just after that that a man

and a woman went by on mother's side, and we couldn't help hearing the woman whisper to her husband, "Did you get the perfume?" I wonder if she took a bath in it. What is it, Caudwell Blossom?"

THE day was very hot now, and our legs were tired. We walked on past the lunch counter where scraps of bitten food lay on the ground with the dust adhering to them, and past the booth where the sweating men waited for a dead-eyed attendant to set up the Kewpie dolls.

"Are you going to take the tablecloth home with you?" father said.

"I might as well," mother said.

Father walked ahead, inside the building, to the central bench where the prize-winning objects were displayed, but it wasn't there. Our hearts skipped in dismay. Had it arrived too late? Had it been lost in the mail?

The tablecloth was there all right, but not on that bench. It was back in one corner, half-concealed by a hooked rug. It hadn't won any prize at all. And now all of us could see why. It was not as beautiful as the other things. We couldn't help seeing now that the pattern we had thought so involved was really plain alongside the peacocks in the prize-winning centrepiece, and that the texture of its material lacked altogether the light spiderweb delicacy of the other's crochet.

I couldn't stand the silence then. I slipped away, hardly able to keep from running before I got outside.

I ran so fast down the steps when I did get outside that I collided head on with a boy from town. We both tumbled. I picked myself up and half-smiled at him.

"Do you want to fight?" he said, coming close and puffing out his body.

"N-no," I said.

"Well, then, watch where you're going," he said.

When mother and father came out of the building, mother with the tablecloth wrapped up under her arm, I said, "Let's go home."

Mother looked at father. "I'm ready whenever you're ready," she said.

He said, "I'm ready to go whenever you are."

We must have been halfway to the gate before I remembered Madame Zelda. I couldn't leave without that. "You go on—" I said.

I RAN back toward Madame Zelda's booth without any explanation. The customers had thinned out now. She was sitting sideways, with her chin cupped in one hand, talking to the man who ran the merry-go-round. I was so close I could hear what she was saying. She said, "If I have to set here and dish out much more of this tripe in this bloody heat, I'm gonna murder the next one that comes along." I was so close I could see the green mark that the bright ring she was twirling on one finger had left on her hand beneath.

I turned. I couldn't see father and mother anywhere. And then I started to run again. I think if I hadn't caught up with them before they reached the gate, if they had left me in there alone, I'd have burst out crying.

Now here is where I wish for the subtlety to show you, by the light of some single penetrating phrase, how it was driving home. But I can only hope that you will know how it was, from some experience of your own that was sometime a little like it.

Do you know how my father felt, remembering the woman laughing at the perfume mother had thought such a touch of splendor, and thinking of the time he'd known she wanted to go to the magic lantern show in the schoolhouse because she changed her

dress right after supper, in case he should offer to take her, but he'd been angry from chasing cows and said nothing, and she'd taken off her good dress again, saying nothing either, because she knew he was tired? Do you know how he felt, remembering the clothes of the town women that he could never afford to buy her the likes of, and thinking how he'd told her she should have some men, they'd show her?

Do you know how my mother felt, remembering his face when the town men had made him appear weak and silly about the strength machine, and thinking of the time she'd gone to the cabbage supper alone, giving him, think he was only pretending to be tired, and coming home to see the single plate and the cup without a saucer where he'd got his own supper on the pantry shelf? Do you know how she felt, remembering him spending all his money on us today as if it were not the price of a bag of flour, and thinking how she'd told him that if he had some women they'd put him in his boots?

Do you know how I felt, remembering I had wished that father would put his coat on, and thinking of the Christmas when there was hardly money for bread, but when there had been a sled and crayons for me just the same?

Do you?

Perhaps then you will understand why a different kind of silence had mounted all day, sorer still, after the shifting of the tide. Perhaps you will understand what it was like driving along that night, thinking about the tablecloth, but being able to say nothing more to mother than "Let me take that basket over here, out of your way," or "Are you sure you got lots of room?"

And perhaps you will see how a point of fusion might be found after all. In the moment after the cat had brushed our legs in an ecstasy of welcome home, and the faithful fields had been found waiting for us, unaltered . . . after we had changed our clothes, father flipping the straps of his overalls so easily over each shoulder, mother tying behind her, without looking, the strings of the apron that seemed to be the very personification of super-time; and me feeling the touch of the ground on my feet as immediate as the touch of it on hands, when I took off my stiff shoes and went, in my sneakers, for the kindling. Then it was that mother unwrapped the tablecloth and put it on the dining room table again.

"It's the prettiest thing I ever seen," father said, "I don't care—"

THAT was the moment of release. Everything of the quarrel vanished then, magically, instantly, like the stiffness of a sponge dipped suddenly

in water.

Because he spoke no less truly than with penitence. The tablecloth was more beautiful than anything else now—here, where it belonged.

I think I saw then how it was with all of us. Not by understanding, of course, but, as a child does sometimes, with the lustrous information of feeling. My father could lift a bale of hay no man at the Exhibition could budge, but there was a knack in a thing like the strength machine he was helpless against. It hadn't been humbleness that made him step aside for the town men to pass, any more than it had been fear that made me retreat from the town boy who wanted to fight. My mother's hat was as lovely as ever, now it was back in the bag in our closet. This sureness when we were home couldn't be transplanted; but that's why, when we had it all about us and in us, like an invisible armor, it was such a crying thing to hurt each other.

Bright pictures of the things I had seen that day still echoed like heat lightning in my mind. But they were two-dimensional. Mother coming to the corner of the shop as if she knew just when our feet were beginning to stumble, and telling father to make that the last furrow, she was having dinner a little early—Father edging the borders of the flower garden so perfectly by just his eye, while mother and I stood by with such strange closeness, because this wasn't his work at all. Watching the cows race to the tub after a day on the sun-baked marsh, to fill their long throats ecstatically with the cool well water—These things only were real.

I listened to father and mother talking in the kitchen that night, after I had gone to bed. I listened to them coming up the stairs together. I heard father take the change from his pocket and lay it on the bureau. I heard the murmur of their voices, low in the room, like the soft delicious drum of sleep in my ears. I thought of the quarter that had been so miraculously saved from squandering on my fortune—I could buy father a staple puller and mother a mixing spoon with it, for Christmas. I had never been so consciously happy in my whole life.

But I didn't take any chances this time. I repeated the words from my prayer, quickly, intensely. "If I should die before I wake . . . If I should die before I wake . . ."

I AWOKE and I heard mother and father talking in the kitchen. I thought, the hay is cut, the hay is cut . . . and this morning we will all walk together through the garden. I could feel already the exaltation when I chose the largest stalk and, as they watched, pulled the first new potatoes from the sweet crumbling earth. ★

What, No Opium Dens?

Continued from page 16

about one third of the Chinese total for all Canada. There are about 17,000 in B.C.

The next biggest Chinatown in this country is Toronto's, with 3,500. Victoria has 3,000, and Montreal 2,000. There are also good-sized Chinatowns in Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton, in that order. It would take almost all of them put together to equal San Francisco's, with a population variously estimated at 20,000 to 27,000.

We cruised slowly east on Pender Street, main thoroughfare of Chinatown. At first glance, there was nothing to get excited about. The dull brick buildings were drab and squat

and dirty. Except for dozens of Chinese trade names in glittering neon and thousands of Chinese walking the streets or killing time watching the others from store windows, we could see little of anything resembling "Oriental atmosphere."

The girls began noticing several interesting-looking stores they wanted to examine more closely. We dismissed our taxi in mid-Chinatown and headed for a little place called the Wah Sun Book Shop. Its windows held no books at all, but a collection of stock including soaps, hair cream, eyebrow tweezers, nail files, and cheap costume jewelry made in Montreal.

Inside, thousands of paper-backed Chinese books were arrayed on shelves reaching from the floor to the ceiling. A Chinese bobby-soxer behind the

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counter told us the books were everything from dictionaries to love stories, and most of them sold at 25 cents each. There were also some Chinese magazines, mainly from Canton and Shanghai. In each case the "front" cover was on the back. Chinese printing or writing is read from back to front, top to bottom, right to left. One magazine contained illustrated stories labeled Sinkiang Folk Songs and Dances, Chinese Ballet, Wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, Shanghai Athletic Meet, Chinese Symphony Orchestra, and Collective Farms in the Soviet Union.

At the back of the store, paying no attention to us, was a Chinese boy of about 15, reading "Jumbo Comics" and whistling "The Surrey With the Fringe on Top," from "Oklahoma!"

"Most of our customers are Chinese," the bobby-soxer told us, "but we sell a lot of Chinese-English dictionaries to white people." Another best seller, mostly to the Chinese, is a two-dollar booklet in both languages of a set of questions and answers useful in confronting a naturalization court.

The store next door fascinated the two girls even more than the bookshop. It's the Chong Hing Wah Kee Co. Ltd.—English title, "Chinese Curio Shop." There Nancy Palmer bought for \$1.25 an ivory back-scratcher—a small ivory hand fastened at the end of an 18-inch bamboo stick. Her husband asked challengingly, "What's that gadget got that I haven't got?"

The curio shop's shelves, just like the presence of trolley buses on Pender Street and Montreal jewelry in the Chinese bookshop, reflected a bland mixture of modernity and Orientalism. There was a magnificent camphor chest, made in China, with wonderfully carved human and animal figures on the cover, and inside an unforgettable pungent odor. Alongside it was an electric orange squeezer, modern as a jet plane. Other specialties in the store were fat, laughing Buddhas hugging their porcelain navels, and a fine variety of chinaware.

There Are No Idols

I suggested to Wong that our guests might like to visit the plant of The Chinese Times, Chinatown's Chinese-language daily newspaper. Our host there was the assistant editor, Saunder Gee, who at birth in China was named Gee Soot Sung. At school in China he was known as Gee Kum Shek, and still goes by that among some of his old-country friends. In Canada, as a newspaperman and amateur tennis player, he put the "Gee" at the tail end and substituted "Saunder" for "Sung."

The Chinese Times' circulation of about 4,000 goes all over Canada, although there are other Chinese dailies in Toronto and Victoria. There are no typewriters, no Linotypes: all news and advertising copy is handwritten and hand-set. The printers work with 4,000 characters and they're quite nimble at it. The average story of 200 words takes only 12 minutes to set in type.

One member of the Chinese Times staff is reputed to be the oldest paper boy in Canada: Eng Hun Wan, 75. Wearing a wide variety of headgear, including a tiny skullcap, he delivers papers and works as handy man around the shop.

Saunder Gee got us into a part of Chinatown rarely seen by visitors: the Chinese Freemasons' Hall. It's a big, draughty room, not spectacular except for the far end, where we saw an impressive, canopied statue of a fabulous Chinese warrior named Kwan Wun Chang, who died 2,000 years ago.

Mr. Gee told us some of the Chinese Freemasons are Christians, and some—a minority—are followers of Confucius, the great sage who died 479 years before the birth of Christ. "There is no 'worship of idols' in Chinatown," the editor explained. "The statue of Kwan Wun Chang is not adored but merely venerated, as a remembrance of a great national hero."

That got the visitors asking Wong about religions in Chinatown. He said most of the younger, Canadian-born Chinese are Christians, like himself. In Chinatown there are Anglican, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and United churches, and a Good Samaritan Mission. Each church has its own kindergarten and Sunday school, financed by the congregations without any help from either the city or the province.

Wong suggested we visit the quarters of the Chinese Trades and Labor Association to meet his friend Foon Sien, the president. On our way there, Mike Palmer nudged his wife into asking Wong about those secret tunnels, opium dens and white-slave pits her old aunt had told her about. Wong chuckled.

"As far as I can learn, there never were secret tunnels or emergency trap doors here, and certainly there aren't any now," he said. "As to white slavery, a Chinese went to jail here in 1935 for running a brothel, but that's the only case I've ever heard of. Today there are 10 men to one woman in Chinatown, but there is very little prostitution."

Mike asked, "What about dope?" I always picture old Chinese smoking opium, but maybe I've seen too many movies.

"Could be," Wong grinned. "Actually, the situation was quite bad here until about 10 years ago. And farther back, before the First World War, a lot of highly respectable Chinese used to smoke opium quite openly. Today the stuff costs at least \$100 for a small tin on the black market, and besides that it's very hard to get."

Across the Color Line

At the Chinese Trades and Labor Association we received a cheery welcome from Foon Sien, president, one of Vancouver's best-known Chinese. He has a white wife, the former Joan Bailey of Moncton, N.B., daughter of a Scots father and an English mother. Foon and his family don't live in Chinatown but in the city's gracious Kitsilano district, in a pleasant house on a leafy street. There are no other Chinese in the neighborhood, but Mr. and Mrs. Foon and their three children get along fine with everybody and have had no trouble.

Besides his full-time job as head of the labor group, Mr. Foon is one of three "presidents" of the big, busy Vancouver branch of the Chinese Benevolent Association. Rather than submit to the confusion caused by the existence of three presidents, he and another executive, Chin Yee Hand, voluntarily began calling themselves "vice-presidents" in favor of Yee Sheung Ping, an affable cafe owner. Mr. Yee is the unofficial "mayor of Chinatown."

The most important businessmen in Chinatown are James Lim, formerly known as Lim Gim, who is said to be Canada's only Chinese millionaire, and Tim Louie, head of a big wholesale grocery firm.

Foon Sien blandly answered a lot of questions from the girls about mixed marriages. He said there are about 60 of these interracial unions in Vancouver. In almost all cases the husband is Chinese and the wife white.

In his own household, his wife speaks and writes nothing but English, but the children all understand the rudiments of Cantonese and one of his daughters, 17-year-old Josie, is planning to study Mandarin, the dialect of the Chinese scholars and officials. Divorces, whether in all-Chinese or in mixed marriages, are rare among the Chinese: Mr. Foon could remember only about a dozen in five years.

Wong had told us about the "Canada widowers," the thousands of Chinese who have wives in China but can't bring them to this country until they become naturalized Canadians. In British Columbia they can't become Canadian citizens until they have mastered enough English—or French—to satisfy the judge in the naturalization court. In other provinces they may use an interpreter to answer the court's questions.

They Can't Practice Law

Mr. Foon introduced us to a notable example of the "Canada widower"—Chin Foo, a gentle old man of 72 who is still obviously very much in love with the woman he married, although he hasn't seen her for 27 years. He is still hoping to bring her to Canada before he dies. Meanwhile, out of his take-home pay of \$35 a week as a shingle-packer in a sawmill, he sends to his wife in Canton \$200 in Canadian money a year—equivalent to several billions in the troubled, inflationary China of today.

Today old Chin feels almost like a man without a country. He has been away from his homeland so long that he'd be treated as a foreigner if he went back there; yet he has never established roots in Canada. He speaks a little English, but can't read it or write it, and he's too old to learn. His hopes of ever qualifying for Canadian citizenship are dim.

From Chin, Foon and others we learned that most of the old Chinese, lonely and bewildered though they are, still feel happier in Canada than they would be, for instance, in San Francisco. They think there is more money in the U.S., but more discrimination, too. In Vancouver, the progressive younger Chinese enjoy a wide variety of job opportunities and are welcomed socially in hotels, night clubs, theatres and dance halls. No Chinese, however, has ever joined a Vancouver golf club. "We don't even try," one of them told me.

Today in Vancouver, Chinese work in restaurants, laundries, greengroceries, confectioneries, rooming houses, truck gardens, sawmills and shingle mills, and as barbers, watchmakers, butchers, wholesalers, peddlers, and laborers. There are five Chinese doctors, and the health of Chinatown is slowly improving, although overcrowding and low living standards still cause enough tuberculosis there to worry civic officials.

The benches of the provincial law society have always refused to let Orientals practice law in the province. No such restriction exists anywhere else in Canada, but even now the only Chinese lawyer in the country is Dock Yip of Toronto.

Vancouver has 2,000 Chinese living in almost every part of the city besides Chinatown. However, they have not yet "crashed" the exclusive British Properties district, nor the rich Shaughnessy Heights area except in the one case of the Chinese consular general, Dr. Hsueh Chih Wei. Dr. Hsueh occupies a house owned by the Chinese Government.

The "Chinese Shaughnessy" is in South Cambie district on Twenty-fifth Avenue. About 30 wealthy Chinese

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We got talking again about false myths such as secret tunnels, and Wong told us about another one, "tong wars." He said tongs have never existed in Vancouver in the way they used to in San Francisco. "We have family tongs or clan associations here," he said, "such as the Wongs, the Lees, the Chins, and the Maes. But they've never been warlike. The last big Chinatown fight occurred in 1934, but it was just a sudden flare-up between the Freemasons and the Wongs. A man was shot and wounded, but nobody was killed. The last Vancouver case of a Chinese murdering a Chinese was away back in 1924."

At this point somebody mentioned Christy McDevitt and Foon and Wong shared an affectionate, nostalgic chuckle. McDevitt, an affable Irish journalist and dead-pan kiddier, now edits Harbour and Shipping, a monthly magazine, but at various times he has been a circus press agent, a newspaper reporter and a professional orator.

McDevitt ran a fabulous one-man tourist bureau in Chinatown for several months in 1938. He hired jobless Chinese to run yelling through the crowd holding rubber daggers dripping with ketchup, just as McDevitt and his paying sight-seers were turning the corner. McDevitt now insists that his bizarre excursions were conducted with the full knowledge and consent of Chinese leaders in the community.

Our party finished up the evening with late dinner in the Bamboo Terrace, one of the more prosperous of Chinatown's native restaurants.

Many of the best-known "Chinese dishes" are not Chinese at all, but pseudo-Chinese, blandly invented for the exclusive patronage of Occidentals. For example, the famous "chop suey," according to Wong, was created on the spur of the moment about 50 years ago at a banquet in New York. The host was Li-Hung Chang, Chinese "ambassador - extraordinary to the world." The chef was caught unawares with many extra guests and didn't know what to serve. So he just cut everything in the icebox into hundreds of small pieces and mixed them all together and called the result "chop suey." Wong, who reads the comics, says chop suey is "like a Chinese version of a Dogwood sandwich, all chopped up."

Almond chicken, however, is an authentic Chinese dish, and so are curried chicken and lemon chicken. The Chinese eat chicken in hundreds of different ways, and even used to swear a court oath on the freshly cutoff head of a rooster.

At home, Vancouver's Chinese eat rice every day; it takes the place of cereal, bread and potatoes. They eat soup made from the nests of South China swallows. They like water chestnuts, bamboo shoots, preserved or dried ginger, squid, octopuses, kites, dried scallops, fleur-de-lis bulbs, bean curd, sea cucumber, shad, flounders, and dog salmon. Soybean sauces and vegetables stand high on the list.

Dried abalone meat from Suchow is an imported item highly prized by gourmets, including many Occidentals. An abalone is a mollusk with an ear-shaped shell. It is served sliced or diced and boiled with chicken, and in Vancouver it sells for \$17 a pound. Another exotic item: baby sharks' fins, grated and dried in squares, at \$16 for one small box.

Vancouver's five Chinese doctors keep busy all the year round. A stalwart assistant in their battle for better health is Chinatown's "herbalist extraordinary," K. H. ("Nod") Lee. He deals in such potent Chinese medicines as dried sea dragons ("for vitamins"), dried sea horses ("for the kidneys"), and horn of wild cow from South China ("for the fever"). The cow horn makes a brew and sells at \$3 an ounce.

Mr. Lee also stocks such items as dehydrated and powdered serpents' eggs, tincture of jellyfish, seaweed salve, and powdered deer horns. The last must come from one particular kind of deer which roams the hills of Kwangtung province in June—not in May or July, but in June, when the medicinal saps are rising fastest toward the beast's head. The powder is sprinkled on food like pepper. A year's supply costs \$70, and comes with an almost ironclad guarantee that the elixir will cure the rheum, tone up the blood, add 10 years to the life span, and ward off creditors.

Nancy Palmer was so impressed when she heard about it that she wanted to get some—enough, say, for about two weeks. But Mike wouldn't buy it for her. He said her old aunt always recommended sulphur and molasses, and it still sounded pretty good to him. ★

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From any drugstore, get a 2½ ounce bottle of Pine. Pour this into a 16 ounce bottle and fill the bottle with granulated sugar syrup, made with 2 cups of sugar and 1 cup of water, stirred a few moments until dissolved. No cooking needed—it's easy. Or you can use corn syrup or liquid honey instead of sugar syrup. Thus you make 16 ounces of a very efficient medicine, and you get four times as much cough syrup for your money. It never spoils and children love its taste.

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Smallpox — A Sleeping Killer

Continued from page 18

more than 15 years previously. None of the latter died, however, and their attacks were relatively mild. Of the 17 who did die, 16 had never been vaccinated and the 17th had been vaccinated 36 years before.

Man's Ancient Scourge

Smallpox is one of man's heritages from the past. Earliest records show it to have been a scourge in ancient India and China. At one time in Europe, it was regarded chiefly as a disease of childhood, for the only adults left were those who had survived an attack of smallpox and were therefore immune. Any woman free of pockmarks was considered a beauty.

It is no respecter of persons. Queen Anne of England and Louis XIV of France survived it, but Louis XV and many other royal personages in the courts of Europe died of it. That no direct male heir lived to transmit the Churchill line was due to the death from smallpox of the only son of the first Duke of Marlborough.

The saving properties of vaccination were first noted and applied by Edward Jenner (1749-1823), an English physician. Jenner observed that dairymaids who often had sores on their hands caught from cows infected with cowpox, were usually immune to smallpox. He proceeded to test his theory in 1796 by inoculating an eight-year-old boy with the virus of cowpox, and a year later with virus from a smallpox victim. The boy did not contract the disease.

Smallpox begins as a rule with head-ache, backache, chills and vomiting. Fever follows the chill. Since these are also symptoms of influenza, it is often mistaken for that. During the early stages, rashes may appear, and these, too, may lead to faulty diagnosis because one type of rash resembles measles and another scarlet fever.

This is one reason why smallpox epidemics so often get a good start before they are recognized. Outbreaks are now so infrequent that most doctors have never seen a case, but even experienced doctors find smallpox in its early stages hard to identify.

The fever falls after the third day or so, then the real smallpox rash occurs. This consists of bright red spots which appear first on the forehead and wrists, then spread to other parts of the body. In about two days the spots begin to stand out from the surface of the skin and are filled with a clear liquid which, about the eighth day, becomes thick and gummy. After this, if the patient goes on to recovery, the pustules begin to dry up, forming tough, brown scabs which fall off between the 21st and the 28th days, leaving sunken red scars which gradually become white—the characteristic smallpox pit.

Ever-Present Danger

Smallpox is highly infectious and is one of the few diseases that can be transmitted merely by breathing the same air as the afflicted person.

Since doctors and others are not required to report vaccinations performed, there is no way of knowing how many vaccinated persons are in the community, or, inversely, how many have not been immunized. The ever-present danger of an outbreak gives the health authorities many a bad moment. It is something about which they, by themselves, can do very little. Al-

though vaccination is compulsory in some provinces, the law is hard to enforce. Without the active co-operation of the populace, the health authorities are stymied.

Dr. Gordon P. Jackson, medical officer for Toronto, admits the possibility of a smallpox epidemic gives him continual concern. "No health officer can guarantee that a community will forever escape the ravages of smallpox," he said, "unless the people do their part by seeing that they are protected by vaccination. As long as great numbers neglect this precaution, the danger of an outbreak is very real."

People pooh-pooh the danger; they come up with all sorts of excuses to justify their neglect. Many, with the best of intentions, put the matter off and then forget about it. But when an outbreak occurs, they all rush at once to be vaccinated.

British Columbia had another scare in 1946 when a smallpox epidemic struck the neighboring State of Washington. "When people stood in line for a block or more waiting for vaccination, it made us wonder why the public should be so neglectful of themselves," commented Dr. A. M. Menzies, Assistant Senior Medical Health Officer for Vancouver. "We have weekly free clinics for the public throughout the year, but few adults take advantage of them. When an outbreak occurs, they appear in thousands and keep us working night and day to get them done."

That scare sent 100,000 Vancouverites scurrying to be vaccinated.

The vaccination drive conducted by the New York health authorities in 1946 under the spur of a threatened epidemic was the greatest in history. Not only was the danger averted, but the city has been given virtual immunity from the possibility of any serious outbreak for some years to come.

Montreal's Record

The length of time during which vaccination provides complete protection varies with the individual. Usually it is considered inadvisable to let more than seven years elapse between vaccinations. The only conclusive test is revaccination; if the previous vaccination is still good, no inconvenience will result.

Montreal's smallpox history highlights the value of vaccination. Like other places in early colonial times, Montreal was repeatedly ravaged by smallpox and the annual toll of deaths was alarming. This was greatly reduced for some years after 1821, when vaccination was first begun, but with the consequent reduction in the number of cases, people lost their fear of smallpox. Furthermore, opposition to vaccination had developed because, due to the practice of using virus from the arm of a victim, other infections were occasionally spread.

Because of this, the population came to be largely unvaccinated and an easy prey to the inevitable outbreak, which occurred in 1885. In that year 3,146 smallpox deaths occurred, of whom 2,717 were children. That terrible experience taught the people of Montreal a lesson. By the close of the year practically everyone had been vaccinated or revaccinated, with the result that until 1897 not one death from smallpox was recorded. Since that time deaths from this cause have been negligible.

In 1887 legislation was passed by the Quebec legislature requiring vaccination of all children over three months of age. In 1904, the Montreal City Council passed a bylaw which provided that no child should be

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MAGIC CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	2 eggs
2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla extract
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	Chocolate Frosting
1 cup sugar	10-12 halved maraschino cherries

10-12 almond nut meats
Sift dry ingredients together. Cream together shortening and sugar; mix well. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add milk and flour alternately to creamed mixture. Add vanilla extract. Bake in greased cup cake pans in 375 F oven, 20 minutes. Cool, top cakes with frosting. Garnish with cherries and nut meats. Makes 10-12.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

1 unbeaten egg white	5 tablespoons cold water
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon flavoring
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ squares unsweetened chocolate

Place all ingredients except unsweetened chocolate, flavoring and baking powder in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat with beater for 5 minutes; add melted unsweetened chocolate and beat for 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add flavoring and baking powder, beat again, and spread on cake.

admitted to a school, nor any person employed in a commercial or industrial establishment unless he could produce a certificate showing that he had been successfully vaccinated. While this bylaw is not strictly enforced, it has resulted in a population relatively free from smallpox. No case has been reported in Montreal since 1930.

Quebec is one of three provinces, with Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, which have compulsory vaccination laws. In Ontario the law requires a parent or guardian to take suitable measures to ensure vaccination within a year or less. This measure is not enforced, however.

In New Brunswick vaccination is required by law for employees of camps, ships or factories, or other places wherein the employees come at frequent intervals into close and prolonged contact with one another.

In the western provinces legislation gives health officers authority to act in time of emergency, but vaccination, while facilitated, is not compulsory. It is interesting to observe that the western provinces without compulsory vaccination have the highest incidence of smallpox.

Despite its proven efficacy, vaccination still has its foes. Christian Scientists oppose it because it is not consistent with their religious beliefs. Antivaccinationists object to it because of the manner in which the vaccine is obtained. Other groups dispute the germ theory and claim that disease can be prevented in other ways than by immunization. Since their number is negligible, it should be possible to exempt these from any vaccination law. If everyone else is vaccinated, those who are excused cannot become a menace to anyone but themselves.

A few argue that through cleanliness and sanitation the possibility of an epidemic can be prevented, but doctors say there is absolutely nothing to support such a contention. When the virus finds lodgment within a victim, nothing known, save the immunity given by vaccination or a previous attack of smallpox can prevent the disease from developing.

Vaccine Is Free

So important is this considered by public health authorities that every provincial department of health supplies free vaccine to doctors, clinics, hospitals and other agencies that perform vaccinations. In many places free clinics are provided.

The example of the T. Eaton Company is one which might well be followed by others. That company makes it a rule not to employ any person who is not effectively vaccinated. In this way, it is responsible for the creation of oases of immunity from one end of the country to the other.

The procedure involved in smallpox vaccination is similar to that used in immunization against diphtheria, tetanus and other such diseases. When the virus of a disease enters the system, substances called "antibodies" are created which attempt to destroy the virus. If they succeed, the patient recovers; if they do not...

Injection of a specially prepared vaccine virus into the system brings about the creation of antibodies in the same way and they remain as a protection against future infection.

Most of the vaccine used in Canada is prepared by the Connaught Medical Research Laboratories of the University of Toronto. University of Montreal produces a lesser amount and a few other agencies contribute to the supply.

The method followed at the Connaught Laboratories is typical of the

best procedure that has been evolved. A heifer calf, usually from six to eight months old, is used to incubate vaccine. Holstein calves are preferred because of their white skin. After having been kept in quarantine for eight days and tested for tuberculosis and other diseases, especially of the skin, the animal is thoroughly scrubbed and the hair is shaved from its lower parts.

The surface of the shaved area is then lightly scratched with a scalpel, and vaccine virus is rubbed into the scratches with a smooth instrument.

How to Vaccinate

The calf is kept in a sterile stall, bedded with sterile sawdust, for six days, during which time its belly becomes coated with typical smallpox-like eruptions. It is then chloroformed and killed by bleeding. The calf's whole lower parts are repeatedly washed with warm water until the crusted material is absolutely clean. The latter is then scraped off the skin and the resulting pulp is ground to an emulsion in a 50% solution of glycerin.

After being treated to destroy any possible bacterial contamination, and tested for potency, the vaccine is put in small glass tubes, each containing enough for one vaccination.

Next in importance is that the operation should be performed by careful and experienced persons. The doctor or nurse cleans the part of the arm or leg to be vaccinated with a bit of cotton batting dipped in ether or alcohol. Then breaking the end off the ampule containing the vaccine, and from another containing a sterile needle, the operator expels a drop of the vaccine on the cleansed skin. With the needle, he makes a tiny scratch through the drop of liquid without drawing blood, and gently rubs the vaccine into the cut with the tip of the needle.

If it is a first vaccination, little or no sensation is felt for the first three or four days, after which a small pustule begins to develop, enlarging until it becomes about the size of a dime.

Some persons complain of a slight headache and perhaps a feeling of chilliness. A swelling may occur in the glands of the armpit, or in the groin, if on the leg. The height of the reaction is generally reached in from 10 to 12 days, after which the scab dries up and drops off, leaving a white scar that remains through life. In cases of revaccination, the reaction often comes within 24 hours and then proceeds to the formation of a smaller pustule than in first vaccinations.

A Shame on Civilization

In a British medical textbook, written some years ago, the author had this to say:

"It is a subject for legitimate regret that a textbook on fevers, written a century after the introduction of vaccination, should still have to include an account of a disease which should long ago have been classed with such conditions as the 'Sweating Sickness,' or the 'Black Death,' and relegated rather to historical treatises. It is an interesting and curious comment on our boasted civilization that, with the means of absolutely preventing smallpox at our disposal, we allow the prejudices of a small minority still to expose the country to not infrequent outbreaks of a peculiarly repulsive and filthy disease. But unfortunately, so long as vaccination and revaccination cannot be universally enforced, smallpox will continue to be the cause of most regrettable loss of life and waste of money." ★

Arrangements by Cable

Continued from page 19

must work on ranged before him. He smokes heavily, playing the melody through a few times and trying various improvisations. When he gets something he likes he writes it down, not just the piano's part but the whole orchestration. His feeling for music is so acute he can "hear" the whole arrangement as if the entire 60-piece orchestra had climbed into his Steinway.

Then he sits down at his desk and scores the arrangement for the various instruments. This is the tough part. He scores in sections of about 16 bars, working out parts for the entire orchestra as he goes along. After that, the piece goes to his copyist, who writes out copies for each musician.

Howard has well-scrubbed, clear-eyed good looks, with crinkled curly hair and a dapper mustache. He is five foot eleven, and has the build of an only recently retired athlete and an outdoors complexion to match. Conversationally he's glib and assured: "I only tell people how good I am on week ends; during the week I let them tell me." Sartorially he's a suede-shod, hatless, multicolored dude.

Incompetents Annoy Him

Recently he greeted the breadman wearing a red plaid weskit with pearl buttons.

"Yipe!" gasped the vendor. "Have you got a whole suit like that?"

"Just a kilt," replied Cable coldly. "But I never wear it any more since the new look came in."

Though he is unfailingly polite, Cable is master of the withering insult, and has been known to send musicians home to their wives in tears. Inferior musicians annoy him to the point of contempt, mainly because only the more skilled are able to reproduce his exceedingly intricate arrangements.

Whenever a musician balks at the dancing notes put before him, Howard enquires sweetly, "Is it on the instrument?" When the musician nods an unhappy affirmative Cable says, in the tone of a reasonable man who is being pushed too far, "Well, let's hear it then."

Paul Scherman reports that when an orchestra he is conducting has gasped its way through the rehearsal of a Cable arrangement someone will ask in a strangled whisper who wrote that one. "When I tell them they groan. 'We might have guessed.' They'll complain that he's tough—and he is—but no musician will ever say he's no good."

Cable himself admits that he's learning all the time what certain instruments are capable of and what is musically impossible. "I used to get sore and pull one of those 'I'll show you how it's done' acts," he says. "But nine times out of 10 I couldn't play it either, so I had to give in and rewrite the part."

Cable's knowledge of music is almost unique in a business where most of the practitioners fall into one of two categories: Dance men, like Mart Kenny, or classics men, like Sir Ernest. The two factions, which rarely speak, meet in Howard. He is as familiar with be-bop as with Beethoven, he has led a dance band through the Woody Woodpecker Song and the Toronto Symphony through one of his own compositions. He can pick out a Hoagy Carmichael tune the way Liszt would have played it or a Chopin étude in the style of Claude Thornhill.

"I like all music, except bad," Cable explains. "I'm the little boy whose mommy never had to coax him to

practice. Music is even my hobby."

Cable's often-expressed affection for his trade must be genuine or it could never have withstood the workout he gave it between the fall of '43 and the spring of '46 when virtually every major musical show in Canadian radio featured arrangements or conducting by Howard Cable, and frequently both.

This was the result of a combination of circumstances—first that he caught on like a rocket and second that he was medically unfit for military service because of near-blindness in his left eye, a condition which he has had since birth. Several of Canada's richer sponsors grabbed for him with contracts in hand. The stunner came when they compared notes and found that they all had got him.

The result was that Cable and his copyist, Dave Silverstein, embarked on a monopoly of air-borne music that came close to wrecking the health of themselves and their auditors.

"It was a crazy time," recalls Silverstein. "We slept an average of four or five hours a night. Sometimes when I'd be working at home copying, Howard would phone and say he was going to nap a while and for me to phone him in 15 minutes. Then it would be my turn to sleep and he'd phone to wake me."

It was not uncommon in this period for music to be delivered to the orchestra during the prebroadcast rehearsal. Cable and Silverstein would ride down to the studio together, Dave working frantically over the scores. On arrival, the copyist would settle himself in the control room and dole out the music to the jittery musicians a page at a time.

Just as he turned 25, Cable and the income-tax collectors simultaneously discovered that he had earned \$22,500 that year. This represented a fair increase over his salary three years previously, which was \$25 a week for leading a 12-piece dance band.

Prosperity Doesn't Pay

Cable continues to bill himself as "conductor, composer and arranger," which makes a sandwich that is almost totally bread. Cable the Composer is nearly non-existent, a fact which most observers credit to the lack of financial appreciation accorded composers.

"What he is doing now is actually beneath his talent," contends William Low of the Composers, Authors and Publishers Association, which handles Cable's performing rights. "He's going for the bird in the hand, doing those one-time sticks for radio. Flimsy stuff. He's capable of magnificent music that would last 50 years."

Bill Low went so far as to send his reluctant artist to Newfoundland a year ago as an aid to composition. Months later, under pressure, Cable delivered a Newfoundland Suite for string quartet, and after more months had lapsed, was able to report that a Newfoundland Rhapsody, a symphonic work based on Newfie folk songs, was almost ready. It will be introduced by the Toronto Symphony this winter if Howard finishes it.

Although Howard does next to no composing, it is as a composer that he is known in the United States. This is because of his brilliant "Jingles All the Way," which he reeled off in a moment of whimsy after being exposed to an afternoon of listening to the radio.

"Jingles" is a satire on singing commercials, and was introduced by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra about two years ago. Arthur Fiedler of the Boston Pops Orchestra heard it here and promptly presented it in Boston. Its theme was the jingle which extol the properties of this or that kitchen or laundry aid to the housewife.



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Next time you bake, use Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast... see how quickly it gets to work, how convenient to use. You can store a month's supply on the pantry shelf and feel assured it will be as potent as the day you bought it. Get Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast today. At your grocer's.

1 package = 1 yeast cake in any recipe

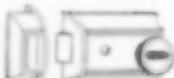


Good night young fellow!

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Ordinary locks, reinforced with Yale cylinder deadlocks or deadlatches on all exterior doors, represent worthwhile investments for security in the home. Every piece of Yale hardware carries behind it the guarantee of good workmanship.

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FASTEETH, a pleasant alkaline (non-acid) powder, builds false teeth more firmly. To eat and talk in more comfort, just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. No gums, no gummy, no taste or feeling. Chalky "plate odor" - denture breath. Get FASTEETH at any drug store.



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Fruits from seed the first year; easily grown. Bush form, about one foot high. No runners. Hardy perennial. Bears abundantly from early summer till killing frost. Has an intense, luscious flavor and aroma like that of wild strawberry, rich and juicy. Near compact bushy growth makes it highly ornamental as well as valuable in vegetable, fruit or flower garden, borders, etc. A showy pot plant too. Though smaller than commercial strawberries Mont Rosa is the largest fruiting of any variety we know from seed, surpassing the popular scarlet and similar types. Its unique bush form and exquisite flavor place it in a class by itself for every home garden. Seed supply is limited. Order early.
(Pkt. 25c) (3 pkts. 50c) postpaid.

FREE OUR BIG 1949 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK



Fiedler was so delighted with Cable's opus that he scheduled it for his Saturday-night radio show. Saturday afternoon the sponsors whose jingles were incorporated learned that their ear-ches were going to be heard in the form of musical satire, and had the network censors bar the number just before the show went on the air.

An echelon of lawyers went into the fray, which gained in fury when Mills Publishing Inc. put in a bid to publish "Jingles." Three months later "Jingles" emerged completely rewritten around a handful of sponsor-approved singing slogans and the triumphant Fiedler and 90 grinning musicians put it on the air.

The substitutions saddened Cable, however, especially loss of an entire fugue on a soap flake "surtache," and he hasn't felt the same about "Jingles" since.

While arrangements remain the chief string to Cable's bow, he and Johnny Wayne, the radio comedian, spend hours whittling away on a dream of theirs shaped like a Broadway marquee on which is lettered "Musical Comedy by Wayne & Cable." While their wives nod sleepily over their knitting, the two sprawl on the rug listening to the latest hit show discs and improvising plots and lyrics. It's a project they have been planning to get down to at their earliest opportunity for years.

Cable's career is a Horatio Alger affair, full of great tribulations which our hero surmounts through sheer grit and the love of a good woman. His marriage is pure pulp-magazine stuff—he and Dawn Darroch, the girl across the street whose roller skates he had carried to kindergarten, were married secretly in Toronto when they were 18 and have lived happily ever after.

Howard reached the piano through a mild adversity. "I broke my nose in the first hockey game I ever played and fell in a hole and broke my ankle during one of my first baseball games," he recalls ruefully. "And so, reluctantly, I turned to music."

His mother had a brother who was a professional organist and she herself played a fair piano, so when her brittle son was 10 she started him at piano lessons.

Music or Nothing

Dr. Leslie Bell, conductor of the Bell Singers, taught Cable at Parkdale High School in Toronto and claims there never was a youngster who was more certain of what he was going to do.

Bell was organizing Parkdale's first school orchestra the year Howard started high school, and he remembers his first impression of the leggy youngster who appeared to try out for pianist. "In the first place he hadn't been studying too long and he wasn't so hot and in the second every other musician in the school seemed to be a pianist. I rejected him as gently as possible but he still turned up every practice."

Cable explains, "I was the revolting kind of kid who always has his hand up to be monitor, that sort of thing. I just hung around the orchestra until Les finally gave me the job of librarian."

That was when Bell first realized that the boy was something out of the ordinary. "In a matter of days he had my music library organized better than I'd ever known it. Shortly after that, with no advance warning, he showed up with a clarinet. The orchestra had been needing another clarinet so he had learned the instrument. And he was pretty good, too."

With his seat in the orchestra assured, Howard was off. He studied piano, clarinet and saxophone, dropping the latter for an oboe on the advice

of doctors. He studied conducting and mastership at the Conservatory, complained to a local radio station that a half hour of jazz recordings was a necessity, and wound up selecting the music and writing the commentary. To fill in his evenings he organized a dance band.

"Howard Cable and His Cavaliers, we called it," he recalls, gritting his teeth. "We played for laughs and a few bucks and got considerably more of the former. I was 15 when I started it but even so we wangled a summer booking. We played four consecutive seasons at Honey Harbor—at \$12 a week per man."

His skill with the oboe gained him a scholarship at the Toronto Conservatory of Music and he won his ATCM, a teacher's degree, in conducting when he was 18. Two years later he played oboe in the Prom Symphony Orchestra.

"I gave him his examination at that time," says Sir Ernest MacMillan. "He was a grim youngster, dead serious about music. I never suspected he had a dance band going at the same time."

"Dawn and I waited to be married until I was financially secure," grins Cable. "I had just signed a contract to present myself, a 12-piece band and two vocalists at dances for a total fee of \$40. The contract explained that the extra money was for handstands. Strictly milk-of-human-kindness stuff."

The newlyweds scraped through the

winter on that. In the spring, with a baby on the way, they got their big chance with a booking at Château-Gai, near Midland, at the best salary Howard had ever commanded. A week after the opening, the dance hall burned to the ground, taking with it all his arrangements and all the band's instruments.

The Cables returned to Toronto to live with their parents while Howard tried to find a job. All the summer bookings for bands were taken, so his hand split up, accepting what they could get. Howard landed a light-paying spot as pianist with a band in Muskoka. He spent the summer re-writing his arrangements.

Into the Big Time

That winter he collected another dance band and, for added flourish, two colored vocalists. They played at frat hops and occasional out-of-town dances. At one of these Willis Tipping, a band leader on the western Ontario circuits, was present. He was amazed to hear so much arrangement coming from a band with otherwise so little talent. For the next two years Howard did all Tipping's arrangements.

Music's miracle kid was finding his stride. The pay-dirt programs began to come his way, and any subsequent reverses have been strictly temporary.

Today Cable has only one commercial show—he has a verbal agreement with Canadian General Electric

ALPHABET GOLF

Maclean's Quiz
by Edward Dembitz



ON THIS alphabet golf course your problem is to form the shortest word possible (no proper or foreign names) by placing letters in front of the three given for each hole.

To score, count one point for each letter used, or five points if you can't form any word. On the first line, for example, SPIN-ACH would score four points, POACH two, etc. A total of 60 is about average, 48 is excellent, while our par—and a very tough par—is 38. For our list, see page 37.

FIRST NINE

Score Hole

- 1. --- ACH
- 2. --- HEL
- 3. --- OIR
- 4. --- MUR
- 5. --- SEL
- 6. --- HON
- 7. --- TLE
- 8. --- HID
- 9. --- REN
- Total (Par - 18)

SECOND NINE

Score Hole

- 10. --- QUE
- 11. --- PUS
- 12. --- MIE
- 13. --- LAC
- 14. --- EDO
- 15. --- LET
- 16. --- FFE
- 17. --- VIT
- 18. --- NIA
- Total (Par - 20)
- Your Grand Total

that he will do only sustainer shows, which consists of a Sunday evening half hour of music presented jointly by Howard and Les Bell's all-girl choir, the Bell Singers. The two share the conducting, planning and arranging in an atmosphere of communion marred only by the occasional joust over the choice of music to be presented.

"You just can't deny that boy's talent," says Bell. "One night well after midnight I was watching him working out a score for a program that was to be heard the next day. He was writing very quickly and I suddenly

noticed he was using pen and ink. I suggested it would be easier for him to make the necessary corrections later if he used a pencil.

"He looked up at me and he was genuinely surprised. 'Les,' he said, 'I don't make mistakes.' The incredible part of it is that he doesn't. The score was perfect."

"I shudder to think what would have happened if I'd really worked at music," Cable once said of Cable. "Been a Paderewski I guess."

There are those who think he's right. ★

Private Memo to George Drew

Continued from page 30

down our necks. When we reached home we were rheumatic, chills and congealed. Then, unfortunately, I had to leave immediately for a by-election in the North London seat of Edmonton where our Tory chap had a hopeless fight in a seat which went Socialist in 1945 by a 19,069 majority. However, as the constituency adjoined my own parliamentary division the Conservative Party felt that I should pay a visit and cheer on the unfortunate candidate and his supporters.

I found in Edmonton that both the Socialists and the Tories proclaimed their case from what we call hoardings, but which are known in North America as billboards. The Socialist exhortation was in two sections and printed red:

ASK	ASK
YOUR	YOUR
DAD	MUM
Vote Socialist	

No one knows who thought of this brilliant slogan of "Ask your Dad" and "Ask your Mum." It is popularly attributed to Herbert Morrison and certainly is in keeping with his Cockney humanitarian approach. The idea, of course, is that the young people should ask their parents about the past when wicked industrialists closed their factories so as to create unemployment and thus increase their profits; when foodstuffs were burned, fish thrown back into the sea and the workers could not buy anything!

The Tory candidate also had his display on the hoardings which was printed in blue ink and read:

Socialism
Has
Failed
Vote for Hubbard

Thus was the battle joined. According to the exhortations of the rival candidates both Socialism and Conservatism had proved unsatisfactory. Nothing could be fairer than that.

At a street corner I found the Tory candidate complete with rosette and smiling wife, haranguing a few frozen citizens. There was also a movie van which alternated Mickey Mouse with such triumphs of private enterprise as the Queen Elizabeth steaming up the Hudson.

"We've got a 50-50 chance," said Candidate Hubbard to me when the chilled audience had gone.

"We're going to win," said Mrs. Hubbard.

As a tribute to the fighting spirit of the Hubbards this was admirable, but as a political forecast it could not be taken seriously. How could any Tory,

even a Churchill, hope to overcome a majority of 19,069?

I looked at the sturdy little Hubbard with his pugnacious chin and his candid eyes. Whenever the Socialists caricature the Conservatives they always show us in silk topers, black jackets and striped trousers. Apparently we sleep and even breakfast in our topers rather than let the side down. What is more we were all educated at expensive private schools, we all had wealthy fathers and the only work we ever did was at election time.

Could This Be a Tory?

Then where was Hubbard's topper. Can it be true that he went to a council school in Edmonton and won a scholarship? Is it a fact that he never had a shilling except that he earned and that he was now the head of a successful firm of accountants in which he was once a junior? Why had the Edmonton Conservative Association chosen this self-made bantam instead of Sir Hillary Buzz-Fuzz, Bart?

"I'm not joking," said Hubbard. "I've got a 50-50 chance to beat Albu."

"To beat what?"

"Albu. He's the Socialist."

Whereupon I decided that I would make a courtesy call on Mr. Albu. For one thing I was chilled to the marrow and already beginning to feel aches and pains in the head and chest.

There are many differences between the Socialist and Conservative parties, some of them political, others psychological. For one thing, discipline among the Socialists is rigid, whereas with the Tories it is self-imposed and more pliable. The organizing boss of the Socialist Party is a Mr. Morgan Phillips who is not an M.P. Yet he has the power to summon Socialist Members of Parliament to explain their conduct. No parallel to that exists in the Tory Party. Lord Woolton is the Chairman of the Tory Party and is actually an M.P., being a member of the Upper House, yet he would not even contemplate summoning any of us in the Commons to discuss our attitude on some subject.

That would be done by Churchill, or Eden or the Chief Whip—all of them fellow members of the Commons. I do not want to exaggerate the difference between the Tories and the Socialists, but since the latter are a comparatively new organization it is important to note how far they stray from the accepted British model and how closely they embrace a foreign style.

The Ideal Candidate

There is a further difference when it comes to a by-election. The Tory Party headquarters always sends along a list of candidates of whom it approves, but the decision is left to the local Conservative Association which very often chooses a candidate of its own.

The Socialists take a different line. Party Boss Phillips says that a by-

When baby's sobs mean "Childhood Constipation"



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"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children—again available in the Family-Size Bottle."

WHEN your baby is tearful and fussy . . . when she sobs because of "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's wise to know what to do. Give her Castoria.

Thorough and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

CASTORIA

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Get Castoria at your neighborhood drugstore today. Be sure to ask for the laxative made especially for children.

And remember . . . the money-saving Family-Size Bottle is back!



Glimmer
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Every home-proud lady of the house loves the gleam of toilet bowl cleanliness. And the ones who know—they get it with Sani-Flush. It cleans away ugly stains and invisible, germ-y film in a jiffy. Makes toilet bowls sparkle without scrubbing. Disinfects, too.

Safe in all toilet systems—works in hard or soft water. Two sizes. All grocers have it. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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Makes an ideal gift
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TORONTO, ONTARIO

election is so important that it cannot be left to the locals. A by-election, lost because the candidate is no good, might well begin a landslide that would carry the Government to disaster. Therefore, says the boss, we will appoint the right man from headquarters.

Now the mind of Mr. Morgan Phillips is a straightforward one that strips every problem of its nonessentials and comes to a clear, logical decision. And one of the conclusions he has reached is that the proletariat, to use that awful imported word, will vote Socialist anyway—so why bother about them? The thing that matters is the wavering, respectable, middle-class vote. Capture the waverers and the steadfast will look after themselves.

Aristocratic Socialists

Thus when Gravesend had to be fought because the Socialist M.P. Mr. Gary Allighan (who used to work on a Toronto newspaper) was expelled from the House of Commons, the choice fell upon Sir Richard Acland. He had been a Liberal but had seen the light. He inherited great lands and was a baronet known to hold sincere Christian principles. A perfect type to represent Labor!

Represent Sir Richard romped it. The Socialists voted Socialist and so did the waverers who were delighted to find that the Left Wing was really respectable. The Tory was sunk without trace.

A few months later came the by-election in the South London borough of North Croydon. In 1945 the Tory held it by only 600 votes and now he had resigned. "We should put in a national figure," said the Tories at Westminster, "somebody with a big name. We can't have another Gravesend."

Their anxiety was further increased when Morgan Phillips announced that the Labor candidate would be the distinguished and aristocratic Hon. Harold Nicolson, ex-diplomat, brilliant author and son of Lord Carnock. Nicolson was bound to make an immense snob appeal to the suburban voters. Both the Tories and the Socialists were certain of that.

Then upspoke Mr. Fred Harris, a poor Croydon lad bred and born, with just enough schooling to comply with the law. Although only in his 30's, Mr. Harris was a big employer in Croydon and his workers found him straight and generous. What is more, Mr. Harris owned race horses and always tipped them to his workers when he thought they would win.

Further than that, Mr. Harris was an Empire man and had started up food businesses in Africa. Also he was a local councillor. The local Conservative Association wanted him to fight the by-election and he thought the association was quite right. Head-

quarters were not so sure. To break the deadlock Mr. Churchill asked Harris to come and see him: "We talked straight to each other," said the self-made Tory Harris about his hour interview with the Tory descendant of the great Duke of Marlborough.

"You're our man," said Churchill.

Croydon will never forget that election. Thousands of Harris placards with his photo were distributed on the understanding that none was to be shown until the signal was given. Socialist placards were appearing in the main streets and the side streets but not a sign of Tory life. Then suddenly the Harris placards appeared all at once. It had the effect of a thousand-bomber raid as far as coverage was concerned.

Harris and his wife canvassed every street while bands of his supporters heckled poor Harold Nicolson until the Socialists were red in the face as well as in policy.

On the eve of the poll Churchill did a tour of North Croydon in an open car with local boy Harris beside him. When the votes were counted Harris was in by a majority of 11,664. Harold Nicolson was on his way back to Mayfair and the Liberal candidate Air Vice-Marshal "Pathfinder" Bennett had lost his deposit.

Morgan Phillips and the Socialists chiefs went in to a huddle. Something had gone radically wrong. Why had the floating vote gravitated to Mr. Self-Made Harris rather than to the Honorable Harold Nicolson or even to the gallant Air Vice-Marshal? If one could not count on the snobbery of suburbia where was one?

Socialist From Cambridge

Then with the winter came the Edmonton by-election caused by the tragic death of the sitting Socialist member who was drowned while trying to save two children. Of course with a majority of 19,069 the seat was absolutely safe but they did not want any substantial reduction in the majority. So what kind of a man would they impose this time upon the local association? Aristocrats and intellectuals were out-of-fashion after North Croydon. It was reported, probably falsely, that someone suggested to Mr. Phillips that they ought to have a workingman candidate, but that Mr. Phillips was quite all right after using smelling salts.

They chose instead Mr. Austen Albu whose knowledge of Edmonton was even less than that of John Gilpin who, as you may remember, galloped there on his famous ride. And now that we have arrived at his by-election headquarters let us see if he is in and whether he will talk.

I must say that his praetorian guard showed something less than enthusiasm

when I revealed my purpose. In fact they could not understand why a Tory M.P. should pay a call on a Socialist candidate in the midst of an election. Therefore they explained that Mr. Albu was busy, that he had to go out right away, and that it was impossible to see him. Little did they realize that in my youth I sold pianos to people in Northern Ontario who did not want to buy pianos.

So I was received by Mr. Albu. He was quite charming, good-looking, well-dressed, in his middle 30's, educated at Cambridge and an expert in management. The interview was so pleasant that it would be a model for the Big Four Conferences over Berlin.

In fact I was so pleased with him that I went to the Evening Standard and, in a cold and draughty room, wrote a description of the whole affair and tried to prove how much better M.P. the suave, imported carpetbagger Albu would be than the tough local lad who only understood Edmonton's problems and not how to manage men. I also regretted the Cockney humor which had already christened the Socialist "My Rabu" after the disastrous favorite for last year's Derby.

Having done my last good deed for the day I then went home with a magnificent temperature although it was nothing to the temperature of Mr. Albu when he read my courteous and friendly article. The things he said about me from the public platform would be hard to take even if one was in good health.

Voting day . . . Saturday . . . At one in the morning the result came through. Hubbard the local boy had crashed the 19,069 majority down to a miserable 3,327. He had been right all the time. If Churchill had done an eve-of-the-poll tour, as in North Croydon, Hubbard would probably have won the seat.

And now if the editor of Maclean's will allow me I shall end with a private note to George Drew. The rest of you can turn over the pages and read something more interesting.

"Dear George:

The significant thing about North Croydon and Edmonton was that both the Tories were tough fellows who had made their own way and who believed in a system of society that allows talent and ability to rise. They did not offer any watered-down Socialism or middle-of-the-road compromises. They were individualists and they hit the Socialists with everything they had.

That's all, George. As a British M.P. I'm not allowed to have any Canadian politics so I can't wish you luck. But don't forget North Croydon and Edmonton.

Your fellow Commonwealther,
O God! O Montreal!

Beverley Baxter. ★

The Starling — Saint or Sinner?

Continued from page 11

children who gather around to watch the slaughter.

When theatres in St. Catharines, Ont., offered free tickets to children bringing in 10 pairs of starling legs, the kids started turning in the legs of everything from wrens to turkeys. The Humane Society and Children's Aid Society quickly effected a "cease fire."

The starling is a chunky, hump-backed blackbird with a sawed-off tail and a long, pointed bill (the other blackbirds have longer tails and short

bills). In spring and summer, from a distance, they appear as black as an undertaker's frock coat, but at close range and in good light the black becomes a resplendent iridescence of greens and purples. For fall and winter wear, every feather takes on a white tip which gives the bird a speckled grey-black dress. During summer the youngsters are brown, but they molt in September and grow a new feather jacket that is the same sombre black as papa's and mama's.

On the ground, starlings walk instead of hop, zigzagging erratically in their search for food like sailors on a shore-leave spree. On the wing they are swift—up to 50 miles per hour—and highly skilful fliers. Mighty flocks execute aerial manoeuvres with the precision

of a company of well-drilled soldiers. Wheeling and turning the flocks seem to move as with one mind, each individual in a thousand-bird flight altering direction or speed at exactly the same instant as its fellows. Unlike other flocking birds, they follow no leader.

In weighing his merits and failings, the first evidence to consider is: what does the starling eat? I wish some of the starling haters could sit in as I have on biological laboratory studies when starling stomachs are being examined. The stomach contents—caterpillars, beetles, moths, flies, weed seeds, grain and fruit—are washed out into small white glazed dishes and passed around among a jury of botanists and insect experts for identification. Peering through microscopes, referring

to specimens and ponderous books of reference, they identify every seed and insect individually. Frequently they have only an insect's wing or a leg or two on which to base their identification.

Facts which emerge are that 50% of the starling's year-round diet consists of insects, particularly bugs of crop-destroying species. The starling feeds almost entirely on the ground, not in the trees as most birds do, therefore the insects he gobbles down are insects that are chomping our gardens, hay and grain fields. Birds that eat tree borers are doing us a big favor, since we need our forests, but our first necessity is the tilled field.

One evening last summer I stood in a field talking to a southwestern Ontario tobacco farmer while we listened to gunners and police blazing away with shotguns at roosting starlings in a nearby city.

"Every time one of those guns goes off," the farmer told me, "I can count on another hundred cutworms for next year. If those fellows could come out here during the day and see the flocks of starlings eating cutworms in my tobacco fields, they wouldn't be in such a rush to get out their shotguns."

The U.S. Department of Agriculture agrees. Here's its official pronouncement on the starling: "It is one of the two or three most effective bird enemies of terrestrial insect pests in this country. It is economically superior to the robin, catbird, red-wing blackbird, flicker, grackle, cowbird or English sparrow. Only the meadow lark, bluebird and martin have food habits that are as beneficial to man."

Not Fond of Cereals

The starling is not always a little black angel when he goes hunting dinner. Occasionally he favors cherries for dessert. But here again stomach analysis comes to his defense. It is the starling's way of eating cherries, not the amount he eats, that has given him a bad name among fruit growers. The robin eats a few cherries from each tree and although he's at it all the time he does it so subtly that he doesn't get caught. Starlings, on the other hand, will swoop down on a single tree in a big flock, strip the fruit and leave all other trees in the neighborhood unmolested. Thus, starling damage to fruit crops is more apparent to growers, although actually the robin causes twice as much loss.

The other frequently heard charge against the starling—that he eats corn and grain in the field—is a case of a gent being judged by the company he keeps. Most of this damage is done by flocks of other blackbirds which are mistakenly identified as starlings. It is true there are frequently starlings in these blackbird flocks but, while their pals are eating grain, the starlings are tagging along eating insects. In one study, 1,059 starlings were shot in

grain fields during the harvesting season and only 14 yielded corn or grain to the autopast.

There's another antisocial habit against the starling's record. He is never satisfied with anything but the finest nesting cavity or bird box, and the bullying way in which he commandeers nesting sites from other birds has driven some of our meeker natives, such as the bluebird and tree swallow, away from farms and urban communities.

The West's Own Pest

While bluebirds, swallows and their kin may be prettier to look at than the starling, from a cold dollars and cents viewpoint the starling is worth more than any of those birds he has displaced—except possibly the bluebird—because of his ravenous insect appetite. Furthermore, when other birds hie south in the fall, most of the starlings stay behind to entertain us with their clowning ways. Their song is a harsh potpourri of squawks and squeaks, but they are skillful at imitating other birds' songs. They have long memories, sometimes tossing off the songs of summer birds in the dead of winter. The mimicking skill of a pet starling in Bowmanville, Ont., earned him a spot on a nation-wide Christmas radio broadcast a year or two ago. Before the mike while thousands listened, Bowmanville's talking starling repeated "Merry Christmas," "I'm a naughty birdie," "You're crazy," and then wound up his performance by whistling several bars of "Home on the Range."

The west coast is unwilling host to a starling cousin, the Chinese starling or myna, which has become as notorious a character west of the Rockies as the European starling in the East. Back in the 90's several cages of Chinese starlings were being shipped to Liverpool. The skipper of the vessel carrying them became enraged with their noisy chatter. When he docked at Vancouver he cursed them roundly, let them all go, and said if they wanted to reach Liverpool they'd have to fly the rest of the way. Like many another emigré, the mynas decided that here was their true home.

The Barriers Are Up

Will the Rockies finally halt the European starling's advance? Probably not. For farther south, according to recent reports, the starling has reached points in Idaho, eastern California and Mexico. All these points are halfway through the Rockies. Like the white man who blazed his trail, the starling evidently isn't going to stop until the whole continent is his.

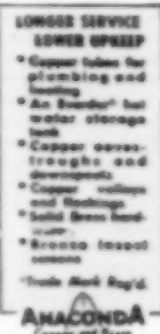
The starling story will never be repeated in North America, for today it is illegal to introduce foreign birds or mammals into Canada or the U. S. Experience has shown that a foreign species when brought to a new land leaves behind it the diseases and natural enemies which control its population at home. It either dies out, or multiplies like interest at 15%, frequently becoming a menace. Many biologists will refuse to agree now that the starling belongs in the menace class, but they are all ready to admit that introductions of foreign wild life usually turn out about as happily as putting a cat in with a cageful of canaries.

The starling, probably more than any other bird, is a conflicting imbroglio of good and evil, a sinner one moment, a saint the next. In my books he is far more saint than sinner—but then I don't live near a starling roost nor do I own a cherry orchard. ★



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Answers to ALPHABET GOLF

See Quiz on page 34

- | | |
|-----------|-------------|
| 1. EACH | 10. PIQUE |
| 2. BUSHEL | 11. OPUS |
| 3. CHOIR | 12. STYMIE |
| 4. DEMUR | 13. LILAC |
| 5. EASEL | 14. CREDO |
| 6. SIPHON | 15. VALET |
| 7. TITLE | 16. GIRAFFE |
| 8. APHID | 17. DAVIT |
| 9. WREN | 18. MANIA |

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CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Why They Won't Let You Have Television

Continued from page 13

they think TV is a sound proposition for the long pull. But it takes a big bankroll to stand the initial losses.

"If private operators think it worth while to risk that much money, let them go ahead," says Mr. Howe. "Some of them, like Canadian Marconi, can hope to get it back by selling TV sets. For the Government it would be a dead loss. If I were living in my own town of Port Arthur, I'd kick like a steer at paying taxes to bring television to Montreal and Toronto."

Already private companies in Canada have announced their willingness to take the risk. Four have applied to the CBC for the two TV channels available in Toronto and two for the three channels in Montreal.

So far none of the applications has been granted. The CBC has not yet given up hope of getting into television's ground floor itself. It doesn't want private stations to be too far ahead, or too deeply entrenched.

How TV Mesmerizes

But there's more to the CBC attitude than mere dog-in-the-mangerism. TV is a tremendously potent instrument. CBC governors want it to have "the over-all aim of stimulating Canadian national life and not merely providing means of broadcasting non-Canadian visual material in this country."

What, exactly, have the Americans and the British got in TV? Do we want it? If so, when? On what terms?

It's not an unmixed blessing—for some, it's a calamity. Early surveys in the United States indicate that reading declines 18%, theatre attendance 20%, night-club attendance 42%, and radio listening (evenings) 68% in TV-equipped homes. Jack Benny's Hooper rating with the whole radio audience is 26. In TV homes it drops to six.

Besides capturing readers and listeners, TV will capture big advertisers. It's already proved itself an uncannily effective medium—even worth the \$7,000 that a seven-station network charges for one hour's time, and the additional \$10,000 it takes to put on a first-rate TV drama.

In radio, 33% of listeners could identify the sponsor of Texaco Star Theatre, and that was a good rating. In television, the same show got 100% sponsor identification one evening, and its average is an incredible 95.4%.

For the viewer, of course, this is one of TV's drawbacks, and not the only one. Television smothered conversation almost totally. No matter how silly the program, you find yourself talking in whispers and you can't help staring at the screen.

It has other drawbacks. The signs on American saloons—"Rye, bourbon, television"—worry the temperance people. The YMCA and Salvation Army are installing TV sets at their centres, trying to keep adolescents out of bars. On television, a beer commercial doesn't just talk about Blup's wonderful beer; it shows you a hot and thirsty man mopping his brow, opening a bottle, draining a foaming glass. Makes your throat dry just watching him.

Children find TV endlessly fascinating; they sit and watch it for hours. It's a help to a busy mother, for it does keep them quiet, but it's no substitute for play. TV-owning families also report great difficulty in persuading children to do their homework.

Television itself, of course, is potentially a great educator, but commercial

TV on the American model is unlikely to develop very far in that direction. Surveys rank educational programs close to the bottom in popularity. Tops are vaudeville, sports and drama, in that order. On any purely commercial system, vaudeville, sports and drama are what the viewer will get until he changes his mind en masse.

Hucksterism, No Holds Barred

This doesn't mean the American TV programs are bad. The best of them are very good indeed. But for good and bad alike, it's still true that the primary motive in American television is to sell.

That's true of American radio too, but in television the pressure is much greater. Costs are so enormous, revenue is so desperately needed that TV stations condone things that no publication would allow, and that radio has long outgrown.

One New York station, which recently went into all-day programs for the first time, started a little show called the Television Shopper. It sent a pretty girl around the shops looking for bargains, brought her back to tell housewives about them, and to show them off. The show caught on with the viewers—and also with advertisers. Soon merchants were paying to have their goods included in the Television Shopper's list of bargains. Nothing in the program indicates which items are being touted for a cash consideration and which were genuinely discovered by the Television Shopper.

That's television, American style. What kind do we want in Canada?

We have three choices:

1. Stay as we are for a year or two longer and have no television at all.
2. Grant the private companies' applications and let Canadian television develop on approximately the same basis as it has developed in the United States.

3. Let the Government lend CBC enough money to take some part in the groundwork of Canadian television; this would still mean a heavy percentage of commercial programs, as it does in radio, but would add some element of noncommercial, all-Canadian content.

Some members of the Cabinet are willing to settle for No. 1. "Keep them all out of it," they say. "What do we want television for, anyway? People have enough to amuse them now."

For several reasons, this easy answer won't stand up.

After all, this is supposed to be a free country. Half a dozen responsible companies are clamoring to risk their own money in a venture they believe to be sound. On what valid ground can the Government not only refuse to do anything itself, but refuse to let them do it at their own expense?

There Aren't Enough Channels

Actually the risk in Canada is even greater than in the United States. Commercial television's revenue must depend on the size of the audience. In the United States they hope to have at least two million sets in use this year, but the average retail price of those sets will be around \$350. The only set now available in Canada costs more than \$700. Even when we get into quantity production, a Canadian TV set will cost at least 25% to 30% more than an equivalent American model. It seems inevitable that the Canadian TV audience will always be smaller, even proportionately, than the American.

On the general principles inherent in our kind of society, we ought to have

television now. But there are more urgent reasons.

Even more than sound broadcasting, television is a limited field. There are only 12 channels available for TV in all North America.

In Washington I had a chat with Wayne Coy, FCC chairman. He dropped a broad hint that if TV channels are badly overcrowded, the U. S. might want to take over some channels now allotted to Canada. To do so it would have to negotiate a new agreement and the Canadian case would be sadly weakened if we had decided to make no use at all of the channels we have.

Another point of vital importance to the Canadian radio industry, public and private: the time may come, quite suddenly, when we'll need television to keep radio alive.

So far, sound broadcasting has paid the bills for TV. Those huge TV deficits are met out of radio profits. But TV is so much better as an advertising medium, has so much greater impact on the audience, that it may yet devour its parent.

In this country of scattered population, radio will be a virtual necessity for years to come. But Canadian radio, public and private, depends heavily on advertising revenue—even the CBC draws a third of its income from sponsors. The collapse of American radio would inevitably drag the Canadian industry down with it. Many of the objectionable programs would disappear, but so would many programs of genuine quality; the net result, it seems safe to assume, would be to lower the over-all standards of radio broadcasting. If that day comes, a profitable TV could be the savior of its ailing but still useful predecessor.

However, these dire events are still far off. Why not wait until the danger is imminent and get into TV then? The answer is simple. You can't buy a TV system as you buy a new car. It's an enormously complex and difficult business that has to be learned in action.

Even a Bad Show Takes Skill

The technical problems involved in television are considerable, and even program production of a TV show is an appalling job.

I stood in a great barnlike studio in New York last month to watch a popular variety show being televised. The floor was cluttered with cables, klieg lights, TV cameras and miscellaneous gear. Five little stage sets were dotted around the room—two sitting rooms with telephones, a night-club entrance, a street corner on which a wayward girl sang a melancholy song, and one booth for the commercial, all laid out with a tasty display of hot dogs.

A jazz orchestra was tuning up in the middle of the room. Behind me in one corner, in about three square feet of clear space among the coils of cable, a very young, very nervous dance team rehearsed the act they were to broadcast in 10 minutes. The place crawled with cameramen, stage hands, directors, assistant directors, and a sternly discouraged handful of kibitzers like myself.

From the floor of the studio, you'd need three pairs of eyes to make sense of the show. Things seemed to be going on in all the sets at once, each before its own camera. Harnessing them all together was the job of the director in the control room—he brought in one picture, faded out another, handled the whole pandemonium like a four-horse team.

What came out on the television screen, actually, was a rather mediocre

show—a succession of vaudeville turns, strung like glass beads on a spider's web of plot. But even this undistinguished entertainment required a masterpiece of timing and organization to get on the air at all. It's not the kind of thing that you could learn out of a book.

Canadian television will have to suffer the same growing pains. Whenever we start, we'll have to spend a year or two learning how to do it. We might as well start now.

That still leaves two choices. Should we let the private stations do it all? Or should we advance some tax money so the CBC can learn the trade too?

At least two private companies, one in Toronto and one in Montreal, are fully equipped to do the job and stand the necessary losses. They could give us television by 1950. They have enough experience, one in the theatre and the other in the radio business, to guarantee a fair quality of program.

The Toronto applicant is Famous Players Corporation, controlled by an American firm, Paramount Pictures. It offers to invest \$640,000 in station and studios, and expects to lose \$1¼ millions in the first two years of operation. Other applicants, in their briefs to the CBC, contemplate a total outlay of only about half that sum. Some of them, at least, wouldn't be too disappointed if the whole thing were shelved for a while longer.

How to Lower the Ante

But these other applicants are Canadian radio men. They are bitterly opposed to letting a TV license, which is a partial monopoly in the public domain, go to a company which is American-controlled and in the movie business. Canadian television, they argue, should be run by and for Canadians, and the CBC has a good deal of sympathy with this view.

In Montreal the leading applicant is Canadian Marconi, which is ready to invest \$500,000 and lose at least another million in two years. There is no such opposition to Marconi's bid, but it would be obviously difficult to let television go ahead in Montreal and deny it to Toronto. That's the dilemma which, more than anything else, is stalling action at the moment.

One solution to this dilemma has been proposed. TV could be initiated

as a co-operative venture, with all interested radio stations and the CBC too sharing the costs. The private applicants seem to be agreeable to this suggestion—it would cut their losses to a quarter, or less, of what they'd face on their own, and give them a chance to create better programs for less money. They'd compete, but just in quality of programs, not by offering different shows at the same time.

The CBC has no money for even this limited investment. It would need probably \$300,000 the first year, half that much in the second and third years, to get into the game. That's a much more modest request than the \$2 millions it would need to go into business by itself, but so far the Cabinet's thumb is down on any TV expenditure whatever.

Meanwhile, Canada is missing the greatest instrument of mass communication ever devised.

Last year, at the University of Pennsylvania, a surgical operation was televised in a special program to 4,000 doctors. Imagine what it would do if every McGill medical student could watch Dr. Wilder Penfield at work in a brain operation.

In Ottawa last spring, some Canadian theatre groups put on what the British adjudicator called the finest performances he had ever seen. Yet Canada has no theatre, or thinks she hasn't. How much more we'd know about ourselves if those performances could be seen from coast to coast.

True, a cross-Canada TV network is many years away—under present technical limitations, the cost of linking Toronto to Winnipeg, or Edmonton to Vancouver, is tremendous. But TV programs can now be recorded on film for as little as \$60 an hour.

The CBC fears, rightly or wrongly, that if private stations alone go into television, they'd rely almost wholly on recordings of American programs. That would be the cheapest and most profitable way to operate. In terms of pure entertainment, it would also probably be the best way, at least in the beginning. But it would add a final, log-sized straw to the burden of Americanism that's borne already in the cultural life of Canada.

Meanwhile, we're losing time. Whatever kind of television Canadians prefer, it's time they set about getting it. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 10

and so on, that means a marketable crop of about 18 million bushels through the winter, of which about seven million have already been sold.

Farmers will go on selling what they can during the winter, at prices governed by the expectation of \$1.15 per hundredweight for their surplus in the spring. Whatever is left, the Government will buy. They won't even take the potatoes away—the farmer can do as he likes with them, presumably feed them to livestock.

Total probable cost to the Canadian taxpayer for both commodities: something between \$55 millions and \$60 millions.

• • •

Both the major political parties are still having their troubles in Quebec, where the new internationalism is still considerably less than sure-fire as a vote getter.

Quebec Progressive Conservative headquarters vigorously deny the story, published in a French-language newspaper, that Ivan Sabourin is to be

dismissed as Quebec Progressive Conservative leader. Mr. Sabourin aroused the ire of Conservatives outside Quebec by his attack on Prime Minister St. Laurent's speech on the North Atlantic Security Pact. Mr. St. Laurent had said Canada "could not possibly remain neutral" in another world war. Mr. Sabourin denounced this as an attempt to short-circuit Parliament.

Mr. Sabourin did not actually contend that Canada ought to remain neutral in such a conflict, but he came close enough to it to embarrass Col. George Drew in the Carleton by-election.

Liberals are also somewhat worried by the neutrality outcry in Quebec. The criticism of the North Atlantic Security Pact, though most violent in the ultranationalist press, has been echoed to some extent in sober and influential newspapers.

It's as near to certain as anything political can be that Prime Minister St. Laurent will be unshaken in his internationalist policy. As he proved in the conscription crisis of December, 1944, he is not a man to alter his own convictions because they appear to be unpopular. The question is not whether Mr. St. Laurent will stick to his

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EDWIGE FEUILLERE

"Glamour" Is A Worn-Out Word?



As a good resolution for 1949, an amateur film critic writes to urge the banning of the word, "Glamour", as obsolete. He describes the continental beauties now in British films as authentically glamorous; declares they show up that over-worked noun as too shopworn for further use. That is his opinion.

★ ★ ★

The great Parisienne star of WOMAN HATER, Edwige Feuillere, he cites as exhibit A.

★ ★ ★

With that passion for listing things which hits everyone at the start of new seasons, he also submits some "average film fan's special mentions":

★ ★ ★

For great future promise: Jean Simmons, (THE BLUE LAGOON).

★ ★ ★

As the refreshingly beautiful new discovery in any language, red headed Moira Shearer, (THE RED SHOES).

★ ★ ★

As international stars, Anglo-French Francine Rosay, (SARABAND, QUARTET); Anglo-American Ann Todd, (THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS).

★ ★ ★

As obligatory in any list of the aforementioned continental beauties: Mai Zetterling, (QUARTET, LORD BYRON, PORTRAIT FROM LIFE); Greta Gynt, (MR. PERRIN AND MR. TRAIL).

★ ★ ★

As highly interesting newcomers: Joan Greenwood, (SARABAND, LORD BYRON); Susan Shaw, (QUARTET).


★ ★ ★

To support his thesis that a distinctive personality is destined to be a box office asset of even greater importance than ever before, this critic proposes to watch particularly: Jean Kent, (SLEEPING CAR TO TRIESTE); and Googie Withers, (MIRANDA, ONCE UPON A DREAM).

★ ★ ★

(Films listed in brackets are new films in which these stars are current or soon to be seen.)

For the local playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture, ask at your own Theatre.

An  Release

guns, but whether he can survive the 1949 election in the vital region of Quebec. Could the Atlantic Pact defeat Quebec's own son on his home ground, as the Navy Bill beat Laurier in 1911?

Liberals admit there is some danger, but they don't believe it is serious.

For one thing, now as always, the isolationists have no real alternate to whom they can turn. No matter what Ivan Sabourin might say, Quebec does George Drew the credit of knowing that he'd be the last man to keep Canada on the sidelines if Britain and the United States had to fight Russia.

Secondly, even the bitterest editorials against the St. Laurent policy make no attack on the Prime Minister personally. He's regarded as honest, even if debuffed. Liberals believe that when the time comes to mark a ballot, St. Laurent will get support even from Quebecers who disagree with his policy because "he's doing the best he can, and after all, he's one of ours."

* * *

Will the Atlantic Pact Work?

Continued from page 7

up, co-ordinated, infused with the confidence without which armies are rabble, and made ready to resist attack. This is a vast task because there is so little to start with.

Military experts tell me that between 30 and 40 first-class divisions with the West's superiority in weapons and air support could defend Western Europe on the Rhine in the event of a full-scale Russian attack. But these divisions don't exist.

Britain could put a trained, well-equipped force into the field quickly—but only five or six divisions if the test came today. Fortunately Britain's Navy is always ready for action and her Air Force is of unsurpassed quality. Moreover, the important question of morale doesn't exist for the British because they always have it. But what the British Government is most anxious about is whether the cost of rearmament will cripple her economic recovery and whether the Atlantic Pact will be supplemented by full lend-lease in arms.

The Dutch and the Belgians have men under arms and that's about all you can say. Belgium has four divisions ready in that the trainees, armed with rifles, are ready. Belgium has not a squadron of tanks. Holland says openly that she couldn't produce any kind of a fighting force before 1952. Fighting morale couldn't possibly be high therefore.

But France is the key nation in this equation. And France couldn't put up a fight today if once more she were called upon to hold the breach until her allies could gather in strength. She has nearly a million and a half men under arms, mostly as conscripts, and only one armored division.

However, that army has something else, something more significant than the latest tanks: a burning desire to restore the greatness of France and wipe out, if war should come, the humiliation of 1940. There is solid evidence of a new dynamism in the French Army that would make its fighting spirit far better than it was in that tragic spring nearly nine years ago. Over a year ago, during a visit to France, Montgomery saw something that interested him.

"These are the best training schools I've ever seen," he said. Since then I've heard from several excellent sources that a spirit comparable to that

The Cabinet heaved a great sigh of relief when the Supreme Court of Canada threw out the 50-year-old law forbidding the manufacture of oleomargarine in Canada.

A big majority in all parties privately agreed that the antimargarine law was stupid. But no party really hankered for the responsibility of advocating repeal of the Act.

Now that Newfoundland is part of Canada, though, repeal would have been almost inescapable if the Supreme Court hadn't thrown out the law. Newfoundland depends on oleomargarine—has no dairy industry to speak of and couldn't afford 73-cent butter anyway. So the terms of union provided that oleomargarine could be made and sold in Newfoundland, but that "unless the Parliament of Canada otherwise provides," margarine "shall not be sent, shipped, brought or carried from the Province of Newfoundland into any other province of Canada."

That's a clear breach of Section 121

of the British North America Act, which declares that "all Articles of the Growth, Produce or Manufacture of any one of the Provinces shall, from and after the Union, be admitted free into each of the other Provinces."

Government apologists get around this by arguing that the Terms of Union themselves form part of the constitutional documents of Canada. They claim the prohibition on shipment of margarine would stand up in court. What they can't explain with any coherence is just how this prohibition would be enforced.

At present, such shipments would be stopped by customs officers. It would have been pretty difficult to have inter-provincial trade go through customs just to keep margarine from Newfoundland out of Canadian homes and restaurants.

All in all, the Canadian Government was in a box. The Supreme Court was good enough to come to the rescue, just in the nick of time. ★

of 1914 has arisen in the French Army of today.

It can't be stressed too much that morale is Europe's most pressing need. It's absolutely essential for the defense and restoration of Europe that the Europeans should believe their land can be defended. That's why the Atlantic Pact cannot be implemented too soon. But full economic recovery is essential if Atlantic defense is to be anything more than a phrase.

In this respect there is solidly encouraging news. The first eight months of the Marshall Plan in action have produced concrete evidence that Europe's climbing back to her feet.

Bridges, Prices Go Up

I was going to say slowly, but considering the devastated condition of this continent when the fighting stopped less than four years ago the recovery has been astonishing.

All five nations in Western Union have long since outstripped their 1938 production—Belgium by 10%, Holland by eight per cent, France by 11%, and Great Britain by 13%.

When the war ended most experts felt it would be at least five years before these countries could attain their prewar levels of production. However this remarkable achievement is far from enough. To make ends meet after the Marshall program ends these nations must produce between 25 and 40% more than in 1938 and this entails an enormous job retooling on the part of industry. The extent of the problem is indicated by the fact that in France the average age of industrial machinery is 30 years.

The British, by accepting strict and continuous austerity, have been able to put a considerable proportion of the national income back into capital goods—new mines, new steel mills, new factories and new machines. Britain's national effort, thanks to her people's superb civic spirit, has been terrific.

Under her four-year plan, submitted to the European organization for Economic Co-operation, Britain in the first year after the end of Marshall help, will be producing 38% more than in 1938 and exporting about 60% more. Production of steel in the target year will be 14% higher than in 1948-49; coal 25% higher; electricity 22% higher; grain 11% higher and dairy produce 13% higher. And the nation will then have a favorable balance of trade.

Britain, however, has never been a question mark in the problem of European recovery. In the Atlantic

Pact, in peace or war, she'll be there as always like a rock.

The question mark is France. The fascinating thing about the French recovery problem is that fundamentally it's not economic or physical like Britain's but psychological and moral. This is true for the simple reason that with somewhat greater effort and with more mechanization of agriculture France could feed herself abundantly and help feed others. She plans to achieve just that. Under the four-year plan of the European Organization for Economic Co-operation, she has undertaken to be exporting \$150 millions worth of food annually by 1953. Her industrial production is scheduled to be 40% higher than now and her exports, including food, to be 75% higher.

In the last three months I've made an intensive study of the French economy on the farms and in factories and shipyards. I visited some Rouen textile mills with an English expert, a Lancashire man, who really knew his business. He kept nudging me in astonishment and saying, "Why, lad, their methods are better than ours!" On the same day a French factory manager told me proudly that "our good French workers" were as diligent and hard-working as ever.

France has everything necessary to make her what she should be—the main pillar in the structure of Western Union and the Atlantic Confederation. France has everything but the most important thing of all—public morality or the civic spirit.

Any foreigner, especially if he is an



Anglo-Saxon, who walks from the Opera to the Madeleine in Paris, a distance of 400 yards, is sure to be accosted between five and 20 times by touts who sidle up to him and murmur, "Want change today, Mister?" In other words, does he want to change traveler's cheques at the black-market rate? The official rate is 315 francs to the dollar. The black-market rate is 490.

But furtiveness isn't necessary. Cashiers in some hotels almost openly accept traveler's cheques at the illegal rate. It's been stated officially that only half of the traveler's cheques cashed in France reach the Treasury. The rest are bought on behalf of wealthy people who are afraid of war or more inflation and want dollars in America. So France is bled. One can only guess why it isn't stopped.

The French realize this lack of civic spirit and they feel it deeply. They know the illness and they want to do something about it.

That's why many are looking hopefully to De Gaulle. Now "Le Grand Charles" is probably a great man. I think I feel greatness whenever I'm in his presence listening to him—but greatness can be dangerous. De Gaulle's accession to power might well be disastrous. It is widely feared that he'd go his own way. There would certainly be friction at once between Britain and France politically, economically and militarily. He'd certainly want to be the directing generalissimo of the Atlantic Pact.

The best hope for France is that the present coalition government of harassed and manoeuvring but moderate and well-meaning men—socialists and MRP (Christian Democrats)—will pull through. And there are signs they may.

Economic recovery would mean diminution of Communist strength in France. But due to social injustices the Communists are still strong. Not all the four million members of Communist trade unions prefer the Cominform to France by any means—but if there were war today the Communist leaders could paralyze industry and transport. For the reasons I've outlined some Americans and even some British are saying "France is sick. Maybe we'd better write her off. In any case let's quickly restore the strength and power of Germany."

The brutality of this is exceeded only by its silliness. If we write off France we write off Europe. France has a sickness but to reproach her for it is like reproaching a battlefield for being full of shell holes.

The mention of Germany brings us to one of the most important issues in the whole problem of the western world's recovery and defense. That issue is the revival of Germany.

Where Does Germany Fit In?

Less than four years after the war's end, when most of us believed the whole German military potential should be razed and sown with salt, Anglo-Americans have decided not only to restore almost the full productivity of the greatest iron, steel and coal area in Europe, the Ruhr, but to return it to the free control of the German Government when that Government is formed. Once more they've decided, exactly as after the first World War, that a powerful Germany is a necessary part of the anti-Communist front.

If ever I saw a foreign office hopping with anger it was Quai D'Orsay on the day the Anglo-American announcement was made. Even Communists and De Gaullists were united that day in anger.

But are the British and the Americans so wrong? If we allied ourselves with Communism against Germany

when Germany was a menace, why not make an alliance with Germany when Communism menaces?

Here's the French reply: "Certainly if Germany were strong—and no longer ambitious and insurgent—she would be a mighty blessing, militarily, to the Atlantic union and western safety. And it's true that there'll never be a healthy Europe without a strong and healthy Germany integrated into it. We French are actually taking the lead in advocating an European union that will include Germany. As Andre Siegfried writes, there are no depths to which the German character cannot sink. There are also no heights to which it couldn't rise if it's harnessed right. Let's harness it to the chariot of the New Europe. But let's make sure it's harnessed. Let's get the integration going and have absolutely water-tight controls before we set the chaotic Germans loose."

Differences between French and Anglo-Americans on this problem aren't so wide after all. There are signs already that there will be some concessions. But had De Gaulle been in power the abrupt and ill-timed Ruhr announcement would have disrupted the whole grand design of the Atlantic Confederation.

On one point, however, it's not so easy to say De Gaulle is wrong. "I know very well," he said, "that Anglo-Americans think a strong new Reich will become an instrument that could be used against the Soviet Union. Perhaps. But perhaps not. In fact, there's no doubt in my mind that the future German Reich would one day turn from the arms of the West and embrace the Soviet Union."

The only solution, he added, is a federation of German states within a European union.

It's a strange and somehow hard thought after our fearful war, but I predict that within five years Western Germany will be part of the Western Union and part of the Atlantic Confederation.

It's pleasant and tempting to consider what a marvelous union this Western Europe of 250 million people could be if it abandoned its ancient fratricides for all time. If it could combine its best qualities—the charm of Italy, the intelligence and lucidity of France, the ancient strength and stability of England and the energy and single-mindedness of a Germany diverted from Nihilism—it could be a greater force in the world perhaps than either Russia or the United States. In close alliance with North Americans we'd have a grand confederation whose strength would ensure temporary safety and whose prosperity in freedom would be the best defense against Communism.

And all this is in the cards. It's almost romantic to be optimistic these days—but it's not altogether fantastic to think we might possibly have peace in our time and beyond. At least a real Atlantic Union will give us breathing space, say for 15 years. The human race might then wipe itself out—or it might just possibly realize one astonishing morning that it had come to its senses and didn't feel like suicide after all.

That's looking far ahead. But optimism is growing. In the words of one officer at Montgomery's headquarters at Fontainebleau, "One could spend days outlining problems but things are moving and the public would be surprised if it could know the progress already made. If the Atlantic Pact gives us arms as well as guarantees, Europe will feel safe in perhaps less than three or four years—on the one condition that the old countries recover economically as well." *

What every mother should know about Infant Diet

When Baby needs orange juice



Your doctor may recommend orange juice before baby is a month old. When he does, remember that orange juice is best squeezed fresh and used immediately. However, it may be kept several hours if placed in a covered jar and kept cool in an ice-box. If left exposed to air, it loses a great deal of its Vitamin C content. From the time orange juice is first given the baby until the end of the second month, it is best to strain and dilute it with an equal amount of water. By the end of the second month, baby can usually be fed one to two ounces of undiluted orange juice a day.

When Baby needs solid foods

Your baby is usually four months' old before your doctor suggests that semi-solid foods be added to his menu. When that time comes, there's a taste treat in store for him—25 varieties of Heinz Baby Foods—every one specially cooked to retain minerals and other wholesome nutrients in high degree—every one expertly strained to baby digestibility.



When Baby needs tomato juice

Tomato juice can usually be fed your baby to replace orange juice. Many babies can safely be fed more than two ounces each day. It is not necessary to dilute tomato juice with water.

When Baby needs coarse foods

"Bibbed" and tucked in the baby's own special chair—and usually ten months' old—your baby's probably ready now for coarser-textured Heinz Junior Foods. The 16 varieties you'll find at your grocer's include meat products, diced and chopped vegetables, 3 desserts, and also a Vegetable Beef Dinner—all nutritious and appetizing—all in the convenient 5 oz. vacuum-sealed tins.



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Heinz Baby Foods

HEADQUARTERS
BABY FOODS

THE BIBLE IS A CATHOLIC BOOK



People differ radically in what they think about the Bible.

Some seem to think it was handed down from Heaven written in English and bound in morocco. Many accept it as the inspired Word of God without knowing why they are justified in doing so. And others say that the Bible is full of contradictions and must be taken "with a grain of salt."

A proper understanding of the Scriptures can exert a tremendous influence for good in your personal life. You should, therefore, know where we got the Bible... what it means... why you can believe its every word.

Nowhere in the Bible text will you find a list of the 73 inspired books of which it is composed. This list was given to the world by the Catholic Church almost three full centuries after the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. Between the time of the Crucifixion and the time that the Scriptures were gathered into a single Book, millions had received and accepted the teachings of Christ... and died without ever seeing the complete Bible.

Established by Christ Himself and rapidly spread among the nations of the world, the Catholic Church was carrying on Christ's work for the salvation of men some 60 years before the Apostle John wrote his books of the New Testament.

For more than a thousand years afterward, the Scriptures were preserved and circulated by Catholic monks and scholars who laboriously copied the sacred text by hand. And the Bible authorized by the Catholic Church was the first book produced by Gutenberg upon the invention of printing.

Yes, the Bible is truly a Catholic book. They were members of the Catholic Church who, under God's inspiration, wrote the New Testament in its entirety.

It was the Catholic Church which treasured it and gave it to the world in its original and unaltered form. It is the infallible authority of the Catholic Church that always has been the only sure guarantee of its inspiration.

There are obscure and difficult passages in the Bible, some of which may seem confusing. But with the complete revealed truth of God, delivered to it from the beginning, the Catholic Church has faithfully unfolded the meaning of the written Word of God to past generations of mankind—and does so today.

Those who are familiar with the Bible, as well as those who are reading it for the first time, will find many important questions concerning it clearly answered in a free booklet which we shall send you on request. Ask for Pamphlet No. 3-MM.

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The Amazing Career of George McCullagh

Continued from page 9

ago. The jet hair has turned iron-grey and the tanned face has a craggy look. His brows are still heavy and black, his eyes probing. His employees have long since ceased to call him "The Young Master" and his enemies no longer gibe at him as "The Boy Editor." Old staffers call him "George" and he swaps stories (sometimes off-color) with one and all at coffee time in the Globe cafeteria. His relations with his employees once reached the point where he presented a reporter with \$50 and a blond secretary and told him to take her out and show her a good time. The reporter dutifully complied.

A Born Salesman

McCullagh has been a supersalesman all his life. As a nine-year-old newsboy in London, Ont., during the first World War, he used to rush out to suburban Manor Park with war extras to sell to the British-born residents he knew lived there. During World War II he personally sold Roosevelt and Churchill on the idea of sending U. S. publishers to England for a firsthand look at the war effort. As a reformed imbibor he has sold a dozen prominent businessmen on temperance.

When he talks he leans forward and pounds his arguments at his listeners, his lean face aglow with enthusiasm. He has an intuitive salesman's grasp of what the people want. Some time ago, during a Drew campaign, he heard that the then-provincial premier was intending to make a speech stressing his United Empire Loyalist background and deep family roots in the Canadian soil. "If he ever says that I'll shove it down his throat," McCullagh roared. "You can't tell that sort of thing to a Pole who's only been in this country seven years."

He still has plenty of brashness. When Henry Luce, Time publisher, phoned congratulations on the Tely purchase, McCullagh seized the occasion to chide Luce on Time's Canadian coverage. "People think me high-handed and objectionable," he said the other day. "I'll confirm it, if they like."

For a public figure he is remarkably sensitive. "Do you know of any man in Canada who's been attacked more often than McCullagh?" he asked an editor over the phone recently. In the early days he considered all editorial attacks on the Globe as attacks on him personally. "George," a friend has remarked, "is seven skins too thin."

He still winces over an article the Saturday Evening Post asked J. C. Furnas to write about him in 1938. Furnas, whose wife took notes of the interview, quoted him as making such remarks as "that was the time big men first began to fear me" referring to his stock market success.

The Post called the article "Canada's Wonder Boy" and at first McCullagh liked it. When business friends began to rib him he changed his mind. Now he calls it "unethical journalism" and insists he was misquoted. Whether he was or not, there is evidence that, in his younger days at least, he had no worries about false modesty. At a testimonial dinner in 1936, tendered by a group of leading public figures, he made a speech in which he termed his purchase of the hidebound Globe on a no-strings-attached basis as "a masterpiece."

The rags-to-riches theme in McCullagh's life was recognized by the publisher himself on the night he

bought the old Globe. A reporter had written a story outlining his new boss' meteoric career. McCullagh read it in the first edition and asked that a new one be written. There wasn't enough of the Horatio Alger touch in the first-edition account, he said.

Certainly his life follows the Alger pattern. His father, George H. McCullagh, was a cabinetmaker and a staunch union man. (In later years, when the Globe and Mail was denouncing the C.I.O., its publisher could point to his own labor background and recall the strikes and layoffs that had kept the family budget low.) Young George was raised on Askin Street, in South London, in a substantial working-class neighborhood. After he left school he became a junior with the old Merchants Bank of Canada.

When he took his first job with the Globe, in 1921, as a circulation salesman it was only because he couldn't get a reporter's job. In his first week on the paper he won the weekly \$10 bonus for the most subscription sales plus another five dollars the circulation manager had promised him out of his own pocket. He continued to win the bonus week after week, despite the fact that he was sent to tough districts in rural areas. One of his methods was to challenge farmers to a plowing contest—the stakes being a Globe subscription. It was McCullagh who usually plowed the straighter furrow.

But he could hardly be called a Globe type. Under its strait-laced publisher, William Gladstone Jaffray, the paper refused ads for cigarettes, girdles, whisky, sanitary pads and cheap clothing. It panned sexy movies and covered every religious revivalist who came to town. It refused to praise Sinclair Lewis' novels because the author was an atheist.

One day McCullagh returned in triumph from North Bay after selling 200 subscriptions to a group of school children. Jaffray sent for him at once. McCullagh arrived, expecting a pat on the back. Instead, Jaffray chided him for drinking in North Bay and playing poker on the train.

At the same time Jaffray told him if he continued to show the same amount of ginger, he'd end up as publisher some day. This was the first of a series of prophetic remarks which culminated in McCullagh's own statement to Jaffray when he finally left the Globe: "When I next walk into this office, I'll be buying the paper out from under you."

McCullagh, the hustler, was put in charge of the Globe's circulation office in London. He still had a yen to be a reporter, preferably a sports reporter. In London he attended hockey games, invaded the dressing rooms and sat in the Press Box under the Globe aegis. A London reporter found out he was only a circulation man and ordered him from the box. Later the same reporter moved to Toronto and decided to get a job on one of the morning papers. He found McCullagh owned the Globe. He started to try the Mail. McCullagh had just bought the Mail. He ended up on the Tely, where he still works. Now McCullagh owns the Tely.

At the age of 17, McCullagh established a continent-wide record by enrolling 300,000 members in the "Just Kids" safety club, which the Globe was sponsoring along with other papers which carried the Just Kids comic strip. His salary went up and his commissions increased but he threw it all up to take a job as financial reporter at half the pay. His old boss—Wellington Jeffers—is still financial editor under McCullagh.

It was through this connection that he got a job in a Bay Street brokerage firm in 1928. In a month he was

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managing the firm's stock exchange business. He made fat commissions. Then the crash came. McCullagh took a deep breath, postponed his marriage to Phyllis Laidlaw of Hamilton for a year and plunged ahead.

A Rich Man at 30

By 1931 he was on his own selling and investing in oil and mining shares. Gold soared from \$20.67 an ounce in 1931 to \$35 in 1934. By 1935, McCullagh was a director of Mining Corporation, one of the country's largest mining companies, and a partner of stockbroker Richard Barrett, a one-time bank man whose father had answered an ad for missing heirs and inherited several million dollars. Business was so good the firm's staff increased from three to 40 in two months. By this time McCullagh's own assets were estimated at close to a million. He had just turned 30.

One of the men who joined the Mining Corporation directorate with McCullagh was the late W. R. P. Percy Parker, millionaire oil and mining man, corporation lawyer and reputed to be largest single backer of the Liberal Party in Canada. Parker had taken a liking to George McCullagh, who was a red-hot Liberal in the days when Toronto was solidly Tory. McCullagh became Parker's protégé and, when Parker died, came as near as anyone to replacing him as behind-the-scenes Liberal boss in Toronto.

Early in the 30's, McCullagh had helped to found the Centurion Club, a group of newcomers to Liberal politics. One night a young member of Parliament, Mitchell Hepburn, talked to the club and made a great impression. A few months later, with a hoist from Percy Parker and his protégé, he won the leadership of the party and subsequently became Premier of Ontario. In the summer of 1936 Hepburn gratefully made McCullagh a governor of the University of Toronto—the youngest in its history and the first stockbroker to sit on the board. (McCullagh still holds the post and works hard at it. Last year the university gave him an honorary degree.)

The Discovery of Wright

At this point in his career McCullagh made his biggest sale.

In the Canadian scene there are two sure-fire ways of becoming a success. One way is to find a gold mine. The other way is to find a man who has found a gold mine. Bill Wright found the gold mine. George McCullagh found Bill Wright.

William Henry Wright had been a butcher's apprentice in England, a husar in the Boer War and a house painter in Cobalt, Ont. When he arrived in Toronto in 1908 he had a dollar and a quarter. In 1911 it took him six months to raise a \$40 grubstake. Then, with his brother-in-law Ed Hargreaves, he went out prospecting up Kirkland Lake way. He was hunting rabbits when he stumbled on a quartz outcropping nine feet wide, aglitter with free gold. At \$10 apiece he and his partner could only afford to record four claims. But from this spot sprang the Wright-Hargreaves mine which has since paid out \$47 millions in dividends to stockholders. A short time later Wright froze his toes in 42-below weather to stake another group of claims next to an American prospector named Harry Oakes. This became the equally fabulous Lakeshore Mine which has paid out \$98 millions in dividends. Wright is vice-president of both mines. At one time his income was estimated at more than \$2 millions annually and his income tax the highest in Canada.

Wright, aged 40, went off to war in 1916 as the only millionaire private in the army. He served under shellfire two years and came back to Barrie, Ont., to find every promoter in the country hammering on his door. When McCullagh linked arms with him, the hammering had been going on for 16 years and Wright's affairs were in a financial tangle. In 1935, ready to flee the country to escape heavy taxes, he told a reporter: "More than 60% of my time is taken up talking to people who want to sell me something. What I want is peace. I think I was happier when I had no money."

At this point McCullagh proved himself a salesman. At their first meeting Wright turned him away and McCullagh withdrew without a murmur. Later, Wright remembered him as "the only promoter I ever met with the sense to take no for an answer." McCullagh became Wright's secretary in charge of his financial affairs in the fall of 1935. Wright stayed in Canada and by 1936 McCullagh had his affairs straightened out and had talked Wright into buying the Globe. "We can't get far without a bundle of money," he told Wright. Wright laid out \$1,300,000.

In two days he had 63 columns of ads that hadn't been in the Globe for two years. When the first cigarette ad went through the stereotype machine the apparatus jammed and McCullagh, who was standing nearby, remarked that the antitobacco feeling even permeated the Globe's machinery. But the paper still does not run liquor advertising.

Gracie Allen on Page One

McCullagh jazzed up the news and bought Walter Winchell's and Gracie Allen's column (which he ran on the front page). The rival Conservative morning Mail and Empire quivered, McCullagh let it be known that he had no interest in the opposition paper but intended to run it out of business. This was too much for the Mail's owner, pulp-and-paper magnate Isaac Walton Killam. One month after the Globe's purchase the phone rang in McCullagh's home. Said McCullagh, "I bet that's like Killam." He was right. Before the Conservative party knew it, he had bought the Mail and Empire with \$2,225,000 of Bill Wright's money.

He phoned Wright: "Bill, we've bought another paper." "Which one?" Wright asked. McCullagh told him. Said Wright with dry humor, "All we need now is a weekly. Why not buy Hush? It's a 'ell of a good paper'."

The sudden purchase of the flourishing Tory Mail by the weak Liberal Globe shook the city. As the last edition of the Mail went to press, two printers played "Flowers of the Forest" on their bagpipes. Next day the Globe and Mail blossomed forth.

Work started almost immediately on a new building, also built with Wright's money—\$1,600,000. On completion it was reckoned the most modern newspaper building in the world. On the top floor adjoining the publisher's office was an elaborate suite of rooms including a squash court and a bathroom whose walls were French grand antique black and white marble and whose ceiling was set in gold leaf.

Bill Wright visited his building for the grand opening, poked his head into the telegraph room and was told bluntly by the telegraph boy that "the public isn't allowed in here." Meekly, he withdrew. His visits since have been infrequent though he sometimes stays in the penthouse apartment.

The new publisher plunged his hybrid paper into the thick of the

GIRLS! *Baby* "SPARKLE PLENTY" *Can be yours* WITHOUT COST!

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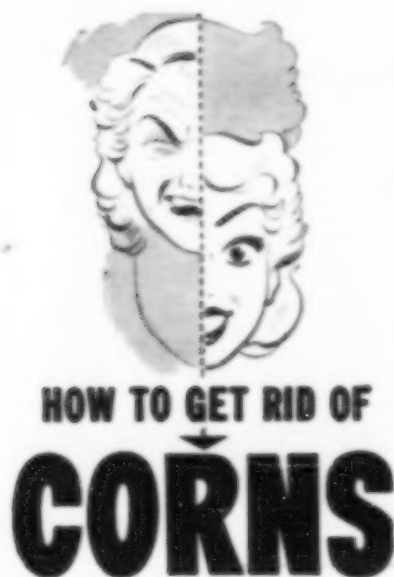
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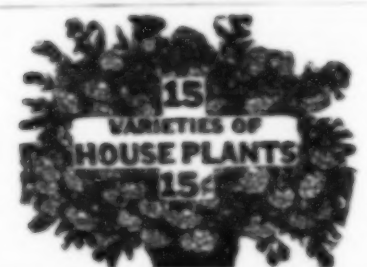
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THE BOOKSHELF
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

Hepburn anti-CIO battle which preceded the provincial election of 1937. He is credited with getting Hepburn to invade the enemy territory of Oshawa on election eve—a shrewd, vote-getting move. Just before the election, McCullagh went on the air with a one-hour broadcast in support of the Liberals. His radio personality was such that his office was swamped with 2,000 letters and 14,000 phone calls in the days that followed. At the end of the broadcast he remarked that his wife, seeing that he appeared downcast, had handed him a copy of Henley's "Invictus" ("I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul") which he read over the air.

The next night at Toronto's Massey Hall, Earl Rowe, the Conservative leader, remarked at the start of a speech that his wife hadn't handed him any poem to read. The *Globe's* report of this, written under McCullagh's orders, called it a "personal attack" and a "sneering jibe at George McCullagh." Hepburn took up the cry in a pre-election night speech in which he protested "the entirely uncalled-for statements which Mr. Rowe made in regard to Mrs. McCullagh." He added, virtuously: "I don't fight women." Next day the women voted in droves for Hepburn.

The Great Crusade

There are both idealism and evangelism in McCullagh's make-up. When he first broached the idea of a paper to Wright he asked him to "link arms and join me in a crusade." The crusade occurred in 1939 with a series of half-hour speeches by the publisher which launched the Leadership League. In his broadcasts McCullagh, whose mother once supplemented his meagre education with readings from the classics, quoted Longfellow, Shakespeare and Ruskin. He urged the government to stop "wild spending" and advocated the abolition of provincial governments and the formation of a national federal government. The League enrolled 125,000 members and the *Globe* and *Mail* gave it a full page of copy daily. McCullagh called it the greatest single idea in the history of journalism. Forty-two thousand subscribers filled in a printed ballot attesting to their support of the League and mailed it to Ottawa. But few supported it financially. A year later the League died from lack of leadership and the paper paid its bills to the tune of \$30,000.

By 1943 McCullagh was ready to go on the radio again in support of the Drew-led Conservatives who, ironically enough, were opposed to the very centralization of authority which the League had called for. Until the last moment he was a power in the Liberal camp. In his radio address he contended that the federal party had asked him to rig the Liberal nominating convention in favor of Harry Nixon, Hepburn's successor. McCullagh's pro-Drew speeches are credited with helping the Conservatives to win.

Meanwhile, the 34-year-old publisher had served his country well. He joined the Air Force in 1939 and topped his class at an administrative course in Trenton. He was invalided out two years later after a bout with pneumonia. He then took a group of U. S. publishers, including Frank Gannett, owner of an important string of New York state dailies, and Mrs. Ogden Reid of the *Herald-Tribune*, on a McCullagh-conducted tour of Britain. This resulted in tremendous favorable publicity for the British war effort, and McCullagh's stock in Britain is still sky-high.

Recent ill health has cut down

McCullagh's 90-hour work week, but he still rules his editorial page with an iron hand. Seventy-two-year-old Bill Wright, whom McCullagh calls "the noblest, loveliest little guy you'd ever want to meet," has no direct influence on the paper's policies. He only interfered once: to enquire, mildly, if a cartoon panel "Gals Agree," which he liked and which had been dropped, could be reinstated. It was.

Inevitably, however, the common interests of the two are reflected in the *Globe's* editorials. Despite the 30 years difference in their ages, the two men are like brothers. Both love horses and Wright breeds McCullagh's racing stock. Both are self-made and believe firmly in hard work, individual initiative and a minimum of state control. Both are interested in mining (the *Globe* has the best mining news of the three Toronto dailies). Both have been called Imperialists.

McCullagh lays down the editorial line in daily two-hour luncheon conferences in his paneled dining room in the *Globe* penthouse. At times there is discussion, but as one staffer put it, "When McCullagh waves that fist you just don't talk back." He makes few speeches nowadays. Recently he turned down an invitation to address a group of Montreal businessmen. Said McCullagh, "If they want my opinions let them pay five cents and read my paper."

McCullagh says he is out to "knock the Tory label off the *Globe* and myself." He insists that he's a liberal, though his definition of the word might differ from Mackenzie King's. McCullagh believes that the Progressive Conservatives are the real "liberals."

He has the traditional liberal attitude in regard to civil liberties. Any curb on individual freedom disturbs him. For this reason his paper attacked the handling of the Japanese evacuees from the Pacific Coast during the war and the conduct of the spy trials. When the CCF's E. B. Joffe made his famous charge that Premier Drew was operating his own private Gestapo, McCullagh sent word to Drew that unless he disproved the charges and ordered an immediate investigation, he'd attack him editorially. Drew countered with the radio speech which is credited with winning him the 1945 election.

On the Wagon Now

Though McCullagh prefers to keep his private life in the background, there have been times when he has injected it into the field of public controversy. The best-known instance of this was the column-and-a-quarter editorial he wrote on his temperance views in which he called himself "a product of the prohibition era" and confessed that he had "personally experienced great sorrow through drunkenness." The *Ottawa Journal* referred to the editorial as journalistic "nudity."

McCullagh quit drinking shortly before he acquired the *Globe*, telling friends that a man with that much responsibility couldn't afford to drink. Acquaintances recall with some nostalgia his early boisterous days when, by way of greeting, he would lob one of Child's Restaurant's silver-rimmed sugar bowls at a friend. Today he's known as a gracious host with a well-stocked cellar. During the Quebec Conference, when Winston Churchill called for a special brandy, it was McCullagh who got it for him. A *Globe* policy—that any reporter caught with liquor on his breath will be fired—is never rigidly enforced.

His main outside interest is still sports. He holds a sizeable interest in the Maple Leaf Gardens. He rarely misses a football or hockey game and

flies to out-of-town games in the *Globe* and *Mail* plane, a Grumman Mallard which he also takes fishing and hunting. He's an ardent gin-rummy fan, likes tennis, but thinks golf is "an old man's game."

His primary sporting interest, however, is racing. He has a stable of a dozen horses, most of them bred by Bill Wright whose one passion has been horses since he was a husar. (Wright lived on horseflesh during the siege of Ladysmith.) McCullagh's Speedy Irish is a prohibitive favorite to win the King's Plate this year. Last season it captured the Orpen Cup and Saucer and other leading two-year-old stakes. The horse is equaling the record of Archworth which won the 80th King's Plate for McCullagh the year of the Royal visit. Archworth was bred by Wright, who was on hand to witness the triumph and recall that just 30 years before he had to watch the races at Woodbine through a knothole.

McCullagh's stable costs him upward of \$30,000 a year exclusive of purchase price. (He paid \$6,700 for Speedy Irish.)

A Legend at 43

He lives on a 100-acre country estate at Thornhill, six miles north of the Toronto city limits, not far from his 120-acre farm and stables. His home is a big mansion of stone and white clapboard set at the top of a series of terraces molded into the turf and leading down to an artificial spring-fed lake. In the basement there's a movie theatre where McCullagh shows new movies flown up from New York.

His home life is as unruffled as his public life is turbulent. "George is a sentimentalist of the first water," a friend has remarked of his passion for his family. He has three children: Bobby, 14, at Trinity College boarding school, Ann, 11, at swank Havergal College for girls, and George, 10, at Upper Canada Prep. The McCullagh family is never mentioned in the *Globe's* society or news columns.

The McCullagh progeny have hobnobbed with the great and the near-great. A photo in the McCullagh home shows the Duke of Kent, who stayed at the house during his Canadian tour in 1941, holding one of the children in his arms. Another shows eldest son Robert John (named for Bishop Robert John Renison, the *Globe's* religious editorialist) reciting Kipling's "If" while his father and Anthony Eden look on in bathing trunks. McCullagh calls Eden "Anthony," Lord Beaverbrook "Max" and Lady Astor "Nancy."

Conversely, lowly newsboys call him "George" and he likes it. "Hi ya, George," one of them called out at him as he entered the Royal Winter Fair last fall as one of the principal spectators. "Hi ya, George—you gotta get something better in this sheet. It's not going at all," McCullagh grinned. Perhaps he remembered the days, 35 years ago, when as a boy of eight he hawked the old *Globe* through the dawn-lit streets of his home town. In those 35 years he has bought up three of the four papers which were alive when he hit Toronto, has helped to make two provincial premiers, has carved out a fortune for his family and a man-sized niche for himself.

What's next for him? Probably a national weekly paper to fight the mighty *Star Weekly*. At 43 his story is only half told. Yet already it is becoming a Canadian legend. And the Canadian who feels that his country produces only drab, colorless, cautious figures can take heart at the unconventional tale of Clement George McCullagh, the newsboy who made good.

MAILBAG

Steaks: To Sear
Or Not to Sear

I read with interest and some confusion your article "Don't Be Cruel to Your Steak" (Dec. 1), particularly that section devoted to the importance of searing ("searing is absolutely essential," etc.). I have just finished reading a pamphlet "Cooking Meat in Quantity," published in 1944 by the authoritative Livestock and Meat Board's Department of Home Economics . . .



Nowhere in its detailed instructions . . . does it suggest it should be seared and in a preamble it states . . . "The old idea that searing meat holds in the juices has been proved . . . erroneous . . . Since searing does not hold in meat juices there is nothing to be gained by using this method."—George G. Boukzechas, Diana Sweets Ltd., Toronto.

Says gourmet Elliott: "The authoritative National Livestock and Meat Board's Department of Home Economics can go climb a tree. They claim searing isn't necessary. So what? Other experts have proven that kissing girls on the mouth spreads colds and isn't necessary either; but although both kissing and searing may be unscientific they are also unhelpfully satisfying things to do."—The Editors.

Soldier of the Lord

Is McKenzie Porter so ignorant of the facts concerning the Salvation Army or was his article "Soldier of the Lord" (Dec. 1) written as some sort of joke which we should read with all available sense of humor?—A Reader, London, Ont.

● Compliments on your article "Soldier of the Lord." Reading it twice over, I came near getting the inspiration Edith Frances McLean appears to have in the photo.—Wm. Haywood, Victoria, B.C.

Summerhill School

At the risk of appearing reactionary I should like to line myself up with the large number of people who will probably find fault with the Summerhill School. "In this School, the Kids Are Boss," (Dec. 1) . . . Schools like Summerhill are run according to the 19th-century liberal premise that everybody is pretty nice by nature and that all parents and teachers need to do is to see that the children are not frustrated or inhibited . . . (They) can obtain good results only because there is still enough moral force in the communities in which they exist to exert a favorable pressure. But the schools themselves

are, in a sense, parasites, in that they contribute nothing to the spiritual growth of the country. In these days, when it's obvious . . . that we must return to a moral basis of action, it's a pity that there are still people trying to teach children the outmoded theory that expediency alone should govern actions . . . Nobody will deny that the world today is pretty grim. Are we going to improve the situation by preaching vague "love" . . . or shall we really try to practice Christianity in its entirety? This may be the last time we'll have any choice.—Mrs. John Harwood-Jones, Montebello, Que.

● Why go out of the way to give us the unnecessary pain of reading such a lathsome article as this?—Mrs. F. A. Hollies, Souris, Man.

● Your article . . . states that the pupils range in age from five to 15. But one of the pictures shows a boy shaving and a fairly mature girl cleaning her teeth . . . I've never known of a 15-year-old boy to shave!—Wesley Swardon, Toronto.

Some do.—The Editors.

Ted Reeve's Nose

I agree heartily with Moaner McGuffy's team (Dec. 1), except photo of himself in "In the Editors' Confidence." Shouldn't the caption read: The Moaner sticks his nose out again, or is that your nose or are you eating a banana?—Barry McGregor (14), Ottawa.



Hopheads

After reading "The Hopheads Are Ahead" (Nov. 15) we wonder whether or not Canada is not now enjoying a slight taste of something that was forced on the "heathen Chinese" with the aid of a civilized Empire cannon a little over one hundred years ago.—Beecher Parkhouse, Fergus, Ont.

The Vichy Case

A lot of credit is due Maclean's for their stand—the only Canadian paper I've run across that has guts enough to raise a kick against those Vichy collaborators that sneaked into Canada. If they cannot be deported back to France to face their own courts how about deporting them and the Canadian politicians behind them north of the Arctic circle where they could do less harm?—J. K. Chambers, Churchill, Man.

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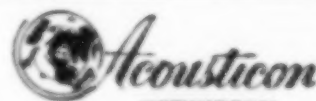
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**WIT AND
WISDOM**

Carping Critic—Commenting on a report that there are fish which moo like cows, the Peterborough Examiner comments that "usually, of course, fish music is confined to scales." Wrong, Petex, wrong! Fish afford reel music, especially in the bass. *Toronto Star*.

Success by Proxy—Executive ability is deciding quickly what should be done, and then getting somebody else to do it. *Calgary Herald*.

UNwarlike Note—In our palmier days all you had to do to have peace was to stop fighting. *Quebec Mercury*.

Chronic Cases—Hospitals seem to be able to cure everything but their own deficits. *Niagara Falls Review*.

Bedroom Humor—Someone asks what advantages pyjamas have over the old-fashioned night shirt. We don't know. We've never worn pyjamas over an old-fashioned night shirt. *Kitchener Record*.

The Best Policy—An Indiana insurance man says seven hours sleep is sufficient. Oh, do they sleep? *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*.

Speeding Up Inefficiency—In tomorrow's mechanized office, instead of having your secretary waste an hour, you will merely press a button marked FILE, and up will pop the wrong letter. *Toronto Star*.

Dairy Me!—In the U.S. there are six people to every cow. This is serious as the cow is only geared for four. *Brandon Sun*.

Fiscal Fun—Pay your taxes with a smile an editorial writer urges. Where will they take smiles for taxes? *Sudbury Star*.

Who Foots the Bill?—A Hollywood dancer has had her legs insured for \$100,000. That's a lot of pins money! *Kitchener Record*.

Mental Arithmetic—"The e exist in the English language 1,300 ways of calling a person a fool." This doesn't begin to cover the various types of fools. *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*.

Illuminating Experience—An Ohio farmer has been struck by lightning for the fifth time in 30 days. Lovers of old sayings will be glad to know, however, that he was never struck twice in the same place. *Peterborough Examiner*.

WILFIE

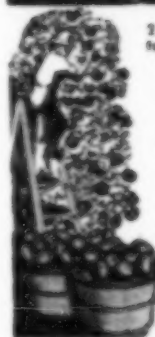
By Jay Work



"...are you certain you haven't a larger table
somewhere about the place?"

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Cross Country

BRITISH COLUMBIA

COAL can be had for the taking this winter in Lillooet, where the stuff normally costs \$25 a ton. But you have to bring your own truck.

The Santa Claus is Manfred McGeer, Vancouver lawyer associated with the Hat Creek Coal Mines of Lillooet. A flood on Hat Creek last summer washed the overburden from several thousand tons of good-burning coal not far from the colliery, which has not operated since before the war. The exposed coal is only 200 yards from a road.

"Come and get it," Mr. McGeer invited residents of the Lillooet district. They came.

The robot has invaded the classroom at the University of British Columbia. Prof. F. M. Clement, the dean of the faculty of agriculture, found himself giving the same lecture on marketing twice in a day. Now he plugs in a wire recorder at his first lecture and plays it back to the overflow class which hears the second. He expressed himself as quite pleased with the mechanical addition to his faculty.

The 7,000 Wongs in Canada (see "What, No Opium Dens?" page 16) as well as the Lees, Hums and Toys, find it easier to keep track of one another since Mor Cheolin, a Vancouver Chinese, got into the publishing business. Mr. Cheong publishes a sort of Celestial Register—directories of the Chinese in Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Vancouver, Victoria and way points. They are stuffed with advertisements in English and Chinese.

Since he launched his Vancouver directory a few years ago, Mr. Cheong has watched it grow from 38 pages to 400. But he has had his difficulties, too. One is to keep out the Occidentals with Oriental-sounding names—it would mislead his subscribers to find a white Young, Lee or How on their mailing lists.

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES

The Deep North is becoming sports-minded and the cry of "Tilugin!" is heard in the long Aklavik nights. "Tilugin" is Eskimo for "sweep" and the sweepers are the white, Eskimo and Indian curlers of the new Aklavik Athletic Association.

Play began in a new rink in late October with rocks shipped the 2,000 miles from Edmonton last summer. First match was between Skips Dan McLeod and Frank McAuley, old-timers who have been within the Arctic Circle more than 20 years. McLeod's rink, two Mounties and a Hudson's Bay Company man, edged out McAuley's men—the postmaster, an Arctic trader and the Canadian Pacific Airlines agent—by 14-11.

Among the keenest spectators were the Eskimos and the Indians. They clamored to take up the game, and

made fine curlers. Now several rinks all or part native are playing in an enthusiastic league. A monster end-of-the-season bonspiel is planned for May and within a few years Aklavik hopes to affiliate with the Royal Canadian Curling Association and to send rinks to compete for the Dominion title.

While Aklavik curls through its seven-month winter, in Yellowknife



New hand of "the roaring game" in Aklavik (see Northwest Territories).

the golfers are impatiently waiting for spring. Yellowknife's sandy nine-hole course has been promised a face-lifting by Stanley Thompson, world-renowned Toronto golf architect, who would like to test his skill in the difficult sub-Arctic country.

THE PRAIRIES

Edmonton got one crumb of comfort out of the winning of the Dominion football championship by its rival city of Calgary. When Mayor McCallum and Controllers Innes and McKellar of Toronto flew west to the Calgary victory banquet, bad weather closed in the Calgary airport and the three Torontonians had to land at Edmonton and make a hectic 200-mile motor trip.

"See," cried the Edmonton boosters, "this proves that Edmonton should be on the TCA main line." Better weather and heavier traffic, both present and potential, are claimed for the northern route. Edmonton is now serviced by a stub line.

TCA has so far resisted Edmonton's claim. If it continues to do so, the city plans to take its case to the Air Transport Board.

During Education Week, the Regina Leader-Post printed a letter from John J. Lentzsch of Assiniboia, Sask., accompanied by a picture of what looked like a trim above-average rural schoolhouse. Mr. Lentzsch wrote:

"How many children in rural or village schools enjoy the facilities of a building such as that pictured above? You would find below it a full concrete basement for furnace heating. . . . Notice the two nondraft ventilators on each side of the two centre windows. Notice the size of the windows, for plenty of sunlight.

"Nice dream, isn't it? The occupants of that building happen to be pigs. It's the piggery at the Dominion experimental farm at Swift Current.

"Why not set aside the week following Education Week as national stupidity week? We thump our chests about our educational system and build better buildings for pigs."

ONTARIO

According to the law, you can't buy anything in Toronto on a Sunday except drugs and refreshments. But the law has become almost a dead letter. It's years since constables watched outside restaurants and soda fountains for Sabbath contraband.

Suddenly, the Police Commission announced a cleanup, handed out more than a dozen summonses for selling cigarettes on Sunday. The commission said it wasn't after small operators but "those who sell luggage, hardware, clothes and cameras under the cloak of a Sunday refreshment license."

Cleanup or no cleanup, the ordinary citizen could hardly notice the difference. Most stores went right on selling tobacco over the counter in the customary manner.

QUEBEC

Is it illegal to force a driver suspected of drunkenness to submit to a medical examination? Yes, according to a recent judgment in the Quebec Court of Sessions, in a case involving a driver who had been forcefully examined by a municipal physician. Such an examination, the judge ruled, was like forcing a prisoner to confess.

Crown authorities were perturbed by the ruling, which affects police procedure in automobile accidents where liquor is involved. An appeal is being taken to a higher court.

Cosmopolitan Montreal and strait-laced Boston had one thing in common—a taste for the racy, girly Esquire calendars. About equal numbers were sold in each city. There was one difference: in Boston as elsewhere in North America the calendars came in an envelope graced with a scantily draped lovely; in Quebec the envelopes were plain.

But no more. Premier Maurice Duplessis has banned the sale of the calendars in Quebec and 20,000 were shipped back to Chicago. According to an Esquire spokesman, the ban was caused by a Three Rivers news dealer selling a calendar depicting an undressed woman. "Anything like that is just

naturally blamed on us," he said, "but it's not true. Our girls have been dressed ever since Varga left us." Varga was an artist noted for his nudes.

Three Rivers, recently in the news for prohibiting mixed bathing, termed the Esquire calendar indecent, prohibited its sale and slapped a \$20 fine on a café owner caught selling one. Bachelor Duplessis, a Three Rivers boy himself and member for that city, took a look at Esquire's bevy for 1949, read between their lines and ordered the calendar banned for the whole province.

THE MARITIMES

Last spring Prince Edward Island ditched its 50-year-old prohibition act and joined the other eight provinces in the wet column. Thirsty islanders, who'd had years of practice in dodging the dry laws, at last began to lose that guilty feeling about taking a drink.

Then came the shocker—it seems they're breaking the law anyway. For, according to Chief Justice Thane Campbell at the opening of the Supreme Court in Summerside, the law says you can buy liquor in a government store, it says you can drink it in your own home, but it says you can't drink it or have it in your possession in a public place. You might be fined, he thought, for carrying the bottle from the store to home.

Islanders expected the Government would soon remove this quirk from the law. But meanwhile, if they wanted, they could enjoy that guilty feeling again.

Santa Claus for Sable Island, the "Graveyard of the Atlantic," comes in the clean-shaven guise of Captain Albert Germain, skipper of the Canadian Government ship Lady Laurier. This year, as usual, he made his 200-mile Christmas trip from Halifax with a load of supplies, gifts, four Christmas trees and five live turkeys.

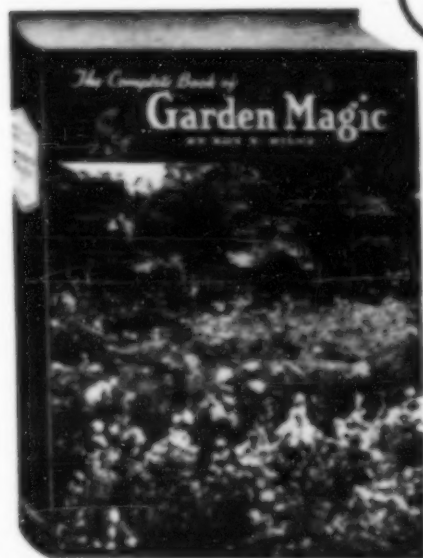
The island, a 20-mile-long ribbon of sand 110 miles from the nearest mainland, is inhabited by lighthouse men, wireless operators, meteorologists and a lifesaving crew. More than 200 wrecks have been recorded around the island; the actual number is believed to be double that. The island has no trees and no harbor; landing can be made by surf boat only when the wind is from the south and the sea is just right.

But Sable has one thing that goes well with turkey—cranberries. Acres of them go to waste each year. ★



Skipper Germain and a one-way passenger to Sable (see Maritimes).

Garden Magic



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LAWNS AND GRASS: Grading and drainage, how to make a new lawn, reseed, etc.

TREES AND SHRUBS: How to plant, size of flowers, fruit, etc., how to plant, etc.

PLANTING, TRANSPLANTING AND PRUNING: When to plant and transplant, how to plant, etc.

BEDDING: Kinds of bedding, use of bedding, how to plan, etc.

THE FLOWER GARDEN: How to plan, how to plant, etc.

ROSES: Kinds of roses, how to plant, etc.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN: How to plan, how to plant, etc.

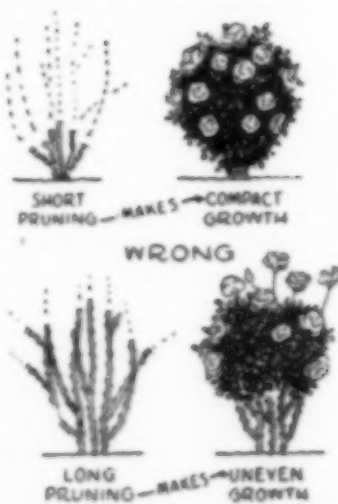
FRUITS AND BERRIES: Building strong trees, pest control, etc.

PLANT DISEASES AND PESTS: Methods of control, etc.

And many other chapters, including PROPAGATION, BILDS, CROPS AND TURF, CONFERENCE EVERGREENS, THE WATER GARDEN, EQUIPMENT, THE GARDEN, etc.

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

EVIDENCE from Red Deer, Alta., forces us to concede that Winning Friends and Influencing People is a knife that cuts both ways. Seema at a recent meeting of Dale Carnegie fans, one gent rose to testify how he had applied the prophet's teachings to an encounter with a business prospect.

"I did everything in the rule book," he told his fellow disciples plaintively. "I started off by greeting



him warmly, then I smiled at him and asked him about himself. I paid very close attention while he told me. I went out of my way to agree with his views on how wonderful he was, saying 'Yes' at all the right places and nodding my head respectfully the rest of the time. He talked for nearly an hour about himself and all that time I did everything the course advocates. And when we finally parted company, I knew I'd made a friend for life."

The testator paused for breath, "But, boy!" he concluded. "What an enemy he made!"

The very young son of a neighbor, reports a Toronto scout, was given porridge for his breakfast a while back. It wasn't just any old mush either, but the end product of oatmeal sent all the way from Scotland.

Eating, Junior studied the bag on the kitchen drainboard. "MacSo-and-So's Best," he spelled out laboriously. "The Backbone of the Scot." He downed another spoonful, then asked, "Ma, what's a Scot?"

She explained. No more till the boy had cleaned his bowl. Then, "Ma, do they kill those Scots specially?"

When you climb behind the wheel of a car these days, anything can happen, and quite often does. Take the case of the Fraser Valley couple homebound from Vancouver in their luxurious new Atomic Eight. As they approached the toll gates of Pattullo Bridge, the driver was flagged in at the rear of a B. C. Provincial Police patrol cruiser. He obeyed, as who wouldn't, and while the cops led him over the bridge, he searched his

conscience nervously for crime or misdemeanor. When the cruiser opened up and cut loose with its siren to clear the road, he decided he'd be lucky to get off with less than 10 years in the skookum-house.

They'd reached Fry's Corners, and the driver was in a proper swivet, when the mystery was solved. The provincials had been under the impression they were escorting the Lieutenant - Governor, overdue at Fort Langley for a Douglas Day banquet.

While we're on the subject of mistaken identity, consider the case of the West Ontario farmer, call him J. Doe, who in the interests of his young orchard wrote one of the larger Toronto publishing houses for a copy of "The Modern Nursery," by Laurie and Chadwick. Eventually, back came this answer:

"Dear Miss Doe: We are sorry for the delay in replying to your letter in which you enquire about 'The Modern Nursery,' by Laurie and Chadwick. This book is now out of print and therefore no



longer available. We are sending you under separate cover our catalogue of Nursing books, and hope that will be of some assistance to you."

The sailor sat on a stool in the side-show tent at London, Ont., red-faced and self-conscious while a tattoo artist removed a scrolled "Irene" from his arm.

"Been trying to get rid of this darn thing for the last three years," he announced to the interested kibitzers.

Irene faded into the discard and the needle began to prick out a new name. Presently the matelot rolled down his sleeve and swaggered from the tent, "Eileen" lettered on one arm, Eileen, grim but triumphant and very much in person, clinging to the other.

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